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FOLD UP THE EARTH.

Fold it up, and lay it away—
That 'kerchief of pink you wore yestere'en;
You thought it would heighten your charms for him.
And bring to his smile a softer sheen;
But smiles, like kisses, often betray—
Fold it up, *Maiden*, and lay it away!

Fold it up, and lay it away—
The delicate veil, with its orange bloom!
The blossoms will wither, though scarce so soon
As the charms they graced be veiled in the tomb!
Footprints of care will mark the way—
Fold it up, *Bride*, and lay it away!

Fold it up, and lay it away—
That dear little wave of sunny hair!
The boyish brow from which it was shorn
Will soon have reached its manhood's morn,
And a newer love than thine be born,
On the breast of which 'twill fondly lay—
Fold it up, *Mother*, and lay it away!

Fold it up, and lay it away—
The love that has blest some exquisite hours!
Thorns there were many—fewer the flowers,
But perfumed and brilliant as summer's showers,
Smiling and weeping in sunlit spray—
Fold it up, *Heart*, and lay it away!

Fold it up, and lay it away—
Each precious relic of kindliest thought;
Each trifle, so priceless, with memory fraught;
Each heart-throb whose image on paper was caught!
Too sensitive now for light of the day—
Fold it up, *Hand*, and lay it away!

Fold it up, and lay it away—
Dream of the *Maiden*, all roseate bright;
Dream of the *Bride*, in vision so white;
Dream of the *Mother*, ere tears dim her sight;
Dream of the *Spirit*, while yet lingers light!
Change is prophetic, and all will decay—
Fold it up, *Soul*, and lay it away!

"ON YOUR KNEES, AND ASK PARDON!"

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOMBEROS.

Patagonia is as little known at the present day as it was when Juan Dias de Solis and Vincente Yanez Pinzon landed there in 1509, sixteen years after the discovery of the New World.

The earliest navigators, whether involuntarily or not, threw over this country a mysterious veil, which science and frequent relations have not yet entirely removed. The celebrated Magalaes (Magellan) and his historian, the Chevalier Pigafetta, who touched at these coasts in 1520, were the first to invent those Patagonian giants so tall that Europeans scarce reached their girdle, who were upwards of nine feet high, and resembled cyclops. These fables, like all fables, have been accepted as truths, and in the last century became the theme of a very lively dispute among learned men. Hence the name of Patagonians (great feet) was given to the inhabitants of this country, which extends from the western watershed of the Andes to the Atlantic Ocean.

Patagonia is watered through its entire length, by the Rio Colorado in the north, and the Rio Negro in the east-south-east. These two rivers, through the windings of their course, agreeably break the uniformity of an arid, dry, sandy soil, on which prickly shrubs alone grow, or dispense life to the uninterrupted vegetation of their banks. They wind round a fertile valley overshadowed by willow trees, and trace two deep furrows through the midst of an almost level country.

The Rio Negro runs through a valley surrounded by precipitous cliffs, which the waters still wash at places; wherever they have retired they have left alluvial soil covered with an eternal vegetation, and formed numerous islets covered with willows, and contrasting with the mournful aspect of the naked cliffs.

Monkeys, wild asses, foxes, and red wolves constantly traverse the desert in every direction, together with the congouar, or American lion, and the imbarcayas—those ferocious and formidable wild cats. The coasts are thronged with amphibious carnivora, such as sea-lions and elephant-seals. The *guya*, concealed in the marshes, utters its melancholy cry; the *guacuti*, or stag of the pampas, runs lightly over the sand; while the *guanaco*, or American camel, sits pensively on the summit of the cliffs. The majestic condor soars amid the clouds, in the company of the disgusting cathartes, Urubus and auras which, like it, hover round the cliffs on the seaboard to dispute the remains of corpses with the voracious caracaras. Such are the plains of Patagonia, a monotonous solitude, empty, horrible, and desolate!

One evening, in the month of November, which the Aucas Indians call the "moon of the pruning," a traveller, mounted on a powerful horse of the pampas of Buenos Ayres, was following at a sharp trot one of the thousand paths traced by the Indians, in that inextricable labyrinth found on the banks of all American rivers. This traveller was a man of thirty years of age at the most, clothed in a semi-Indian, semi-European garb peculiar to the Gauchos. A poncho of Indian manufacture hung from his shoulders to his horse's flanks, and only left visible the long Chilian polenas that came above his knees. A lasso and *bolas* hung from either side of his saddle, and he carried a rifle in front of him.

His face, half concealed by the broad brim of his straw hat, had an expression of brute courage and spitefulness; his features were, so to say, modelled by hatred. His long hooked nose, surmounted by two quick threatening eyes, rather close together, gave him a distant resemblance to a bird of prey; his thin lips were contracted with an ironical air, and his prominent cheek-bones suggested cunning. The Spaniard could be recognized by his olive tint. The effect of this face, surrounded as it was by long tangled black hair and a large beard, was to inspire fear and repulsion. His wide shoulders and well-knit limbs denoted far from common strength and agility in this man, who seemed above the average height.

On reaching a spot where several tracks crossed each other to form an inextricable network, the stranger stopped to look about him, and, after a moment's hesitation, turned to the right and struck a trail. Going further and further away from the banks of the Rio Colorado, which he had hitherto been following, he entered a plain, the soil of which, burned by the sun and covered with small pebbles or gravel, only offered a few stunted shrubs to the eye. The further the stranger advanced in this desert, the further solitude extended in its gloomy majesty, and the footfall of his horse alone disturbed the silence of the desert. The horseman, but slightly affected by this savage beauty of Nature, contented himself with carefully reconnoitering and counting the *pasos*, for in these countries utterly void of water, travellers have dug reservoirs in which the water collects during the rainy season.

After passing two of these pasos, the traveller saw in the distance horses hobbled in front of a wretched *toldo*. At once a shout was raised, and in less than a minute the horses were unfastened; three men leapt into the saddle, and dashed forward at full gallop to reconnoitre this man, who, careless of their movements, continued his journey without making the slightest attempt to put himself on his defence.

"Eh, *compadre*, whither are you bound?" one of them asked, as he barred the way for the stranger.

"*Canario*, Pepe," the latter answered; "have you been emptying a skin of aguardiente this evening? Do you not recognise me?"

"Why, 'tis the voice of Pedrito, if I am not mistaken."

"Unless some one has stolen my voice, my good fellow, it is I, the real Pedrito."

"Caral! you are welcome," the three men shouted.

"Deuce take me if I did not fancy you killed by once of those dogs of Aucas; ten minutes ago I was talking about it to Lopez."

"Yes," Lopez added in confirmation, "for you have disappeared for eight days."

"Eight days—yes; but I have not lost my time."

"You will tell us your exploits?"

"I should think so; but I and my horse are hungry after a two days' fast."

"That will be soon remedied," said Pepe, "for here we are."

The four friends, while conversing, had ridden on, and at this moment dismounted in front of the *toldo*, which they entered, after hobbling their horses and placing food before that of the new comer. This toldo, as they are called in the country, was a cabin thirty feet long and the same in depth, covered with reeds, and formed of stakes driven into the ground, and fastened together with thongs. In one corner, four wooden and leather benches served as beds for the dwellers in this house, where it was difficult to shelter themselves against the wind and rain.

In the centre of the toldo each sat down on a large stone, in front of a fire whose dense smoke almost concealed objects.—Lopez took up a piece of guanaco that was roasting, and planted the spit in the ground. The four comrades drew their long knives from their polenas, and began eating with good appetites.

These men were *bomberos*.

Ever since the foundation of the Spanish colonial fort of Carmen, it had been found necessary, in consequence of the vicinity of the Indians, to have scouts to watch over their movements, and give the alarm at the slightest danger. These scouts form a species of corps of the bravest men, thoroughly habituated to the privations of the pampas. Although their services are voluntary and their profession perilous, bomberos are never wanting, for they are handsomely paid. They often go twenty or five and twenty leagues from the fort, as extreme outposts, ambushing on spots where the enemy—that is to say, the Indians—must necessarily pass. Day and night they ride across the plains, watching, listening, and hiding. Scattered during the day, they reassemble at sunset, though they rarely venture to light a fire, which would betray their presence; and they never all sleep together. Their bivouac is a flying camp, and they live on the produce of the chase. They have long been accustomed to this strange and nomadic life, and hence they acquire a fineness of perception almost equal to that of the Indians, and their practised eyes recognize the slightest trace on the lightly trodden grass or sand. Solitude has developed in them a marvellous sagacity, and a rare talent for observation.

The four bomberos collected in the toldo were the most renowned in Patagonia. These poor fellows were supping gayly while warming themselves at a good fire, a rare pleasure for men surrounded by dangers, and who have a surprise to fear at any hour. But the bomberos did not appear to trouble themselves about anything, although aware that the Indians never give them any quarter.

The character of these men is singular: courageous to cruelty, they care not for the life of other persons or their own. If one of their comrades die, victim of an Indian or a wild beast, they content themselves with saying he has a *mala suerta* (ill luck.) True savages, living without any affection or faith, they are a peculiar type in humanity.

These scouts were brothers and their names were Lopez, Pepe, Juan, and Pedrito. Their home, twice plundered by the Aucas Indians, had been utterly destroyed by fire in the last invasion. Their father and mother had succumbed under atrocious torture; two of their sisters had been outraged and killed by the chiefs, and the youngest, Mercedes, a child scare seven years of age, was carried off into slavery, and since then they had received no news of her, and were ignorant were she dead or alive.

The four brothers from this moment became bomberos, through hatred of the Indians and desire of vengeance, and had only one head and one heart. Their prodigies of courage, intelligence, and craft during the last seven years would take us too long to record, and, moreover, we shall find specimens in the course of this narrative.

So soon as Pedrito, who was the eldest, had finished his meal, Lopez put out the fire, and Juan mounted his horse to go the rounds; then the two brothers, curious about the news Pedrito brought them, drew closer to him.

"What news, brother?" Pepe asked.

"Before anything else," the eldest asked, "what have you been doing during the last week!"

"That will not take long," Lopez answered; "nothing."

"Nonsense."

"On my word it is true. The Aucas and Pehuenches are becoming absurdly timid; if this goes on, we shall have to send them petticoats like squaws."

"Oh set your minds at rest," Pedrito said, "they have not come to that yet."

"What do you know?" Lopez asked.

"What next!" Pedrito asked, instead of answering.

"That is all; we have seen nothing, heard nothing suspicious."

"Are you sure?"

"Hang it! do you take us for asses?"

"No, but you are mistaken."

"What?"

"Search your memory carefully."

"No one has passed, I tell you," Pepe remarked confidently.

"No one."

"Unless you count as somebody the old Pehuenche squaw who crossed the plain this evening on a sorry horse, and asked us the road to El Carmen."

"That old squaw," Pedrito said, with a smile, "knows the road as well as I do. Canarios, your innocence amuses me."

"Our innocence!" Lopez exclaimed, with a frown; "we are asses, then."

"You look very like it to me."

"Explain yourself."

"You shall understand."

"We shall be only too glad."

"Maybe so. The old Pehuenche squaw who crossed the plain this evening on a sorry horse, and asked you the road to El Carmen," Pedrito said, repeating Pepe's words, maliciously. "Do you know who she was?"

"Hang it all! a frightful old witch, whose face would terrify the fiend."

"Ah, you think so. Well, you are altogether wrong."

"Speak out, and do not play with us like a congonna with a mouse."

"My boy, this Pehuenche witch was—"

"Who?"

"Nocobotha!"

Nocobotha (the Hurricane) was the principal ulmen of the Aucas. Pedrito might have gone on talking for a long time without his brothers noticing it, so greatly had the news startled them.

"Malediction!" Pepe at length shouted.

"But how do you know it?" Lopez asked.

"Do you suppose I have been amusing myself with sleeping away the last eight days, brothers? The Indians, to whom you want to send petticoats, are preparing, with the greatest secrecy, to deal you a furious blow. We must distrust silent waters and the calm that conceals a tempest. All the nations of Upper and Lower Patagonia, and even Araucania, have leagued together to attempt an invasion—massacre the whites, and destroy El Carmen. Two men have done it all—two men with whom you and I have been long acquainted—Nocobotha, and Pincheira, the chief of the Araucanos. This evening there will be a grand meeting of the delegates of the free nations, at which the day and hour for the attack will be definitely settled, and the final measures taken to insure the success of the expedition."

"Caral!" Pepe exclaimed, "there is not a moment to lose. One of us must go at full gallop to El Carmen to inform the governor of the danger menacing the colony."

"No, not yet; we must not be in such a hurry, but try to discover the intentions of the chiefs. The *quipus* has been sent round, and the chiefs who will be present at the meeting are twenty in number. You see that I am well informed."

"Where will they meet?"

"At the tree of Gualichu."

"*Demonio!* it will not be an easy thing to surprise them at such a place."

"Hang it, it is impossible," Lopez said.

"Where force fails, try cunning. Here is Juan returned. Well, have you any news?"

"All is quiet," he said, as he dismounted.

"All the better. In that case we can act," Pedrito continued. "Listen to me, brothers. I believe that you have confidence in me—"

"Oh!" the three men exclaimed.

"In that case you will follow me?"

"Anywhere."

"Quick to horse, for I, too, wish to be present at this Indian gathering."

"And you are going to take us—"

"To the tree of Gualichu."

The four bold comrades mounted their horses, and started at a gallop. Pedrito possessed a superiority over his brothers, which the latter recognized; nothing he did astonished them, so accustomed were they to see him perform marvels.

"Do you intend to mingle with the chiefs also?" Pepe asked.

"Yes, Pepe; instead of twenty there will be twenty-one, that is all," Pedrito added, with a careless smile.

The bomberos spurred their horses, and disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER II.

EL CARMEN.

In 1780, long after the discovery of the New World, the Spaniards founded in Patagonia a factory, situated on the left bank of the Rio Negro, about seven leagues from its mouth, and called Nuestra Senora del Carmon, and also Patagonia.

The Ulmen Negro, chief of the Puelches, encamped in the vicinity of the Rio Negro, favorably greeted the Spaniards, and in consideration of a distribution made to the Indians of a large quantity of clothing and other useful articles, sold them the course of that river from its mouth up to San Xavier. In addition to this, by the wish of the ulmen, the natives aided the Spaniards in building the citadel, which was to serve them as a shelter, and thus assisted with their arms in producing their own serfdom.

At the period of the foundation of El Carmen the post merely consisted of a fort, built on the northern bank, at the summit of a scarped cliff, which commands the river, the southern plains, and the surrounding country. It is of a square shape; it is built with strong walls of dressed stone, and flanked by three bastions, two on the river to the east and west, and the third on the plain. The interior contains the chapel, the priest's house, and the powder magazine; on the other side run spacious quarters for the commandant, treasurer, officers, garrison, and a small hospital. All these buildings, only one story in height, are covered with tiles. The Government also possesses outside vast granaries, a baking house, a mill, two blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops, and two *estancias*, or farms, stocked with horses and cattle.

At the present day, the fort is nearly in ruins; the walls, for want of repairs, are everywhere decaying, but the dwelling-houses are still in good condition.

El Carmen is divided into three groups, two on the north, and one on the south side of the river. Of the two former, one, the old Carmen, is situated between the fort and the Rio Negro, on the slope of the cliff, and consists of some forty houses of varying height and style, and forming an irregular line which follows the course of the river. Around them are scattered wretched huts, and this is the staple of the trade with the Indians.

The other group on the same bank, called Poblacion, is a few hundred paces to the east of the fort, and is separated from it by shifting sand dunes, which entirely stop the range of the guns. Poblacion forms a vast quadrilateral, round which are about one hundred houses, mostly new, only one story high, tile-covered, and serving as a residence for farmers, agriculturists, and *pulperos*, or dealers in spirits and grocery. Between the two groups there are several houses scattered along the river bank.

The village on the south bank, which is called Poblacion del Sur, is composed of twenty houses, standing in a line on a low soil, subject to inundations. These houses, which are poorer than those of the north side, serve as a shelter for gauchos and estancieros. A few pulperos, attracted by the vicinity of the Indians, have also opened their stores there.

The general aspect is sad; only a few isolated trees grow on the river bank, and the streets are full of a pulverized sand, which obeys the direction of the wind. This description of a country hitherto perfectly unknown, was indispensable for a due comprehension of the incidents that are about to follow.

The day on which this story begins, at about two in the afternoon, five or six gauchos, seated in a pulpero's shop, were holding a sharp discussion while swallowing long draughts of *chicha* from the half-gourds which went the round. The scene is laid in Poblacion del Sur.

"Canario," said a tall, thin fellow, who

had all the appearance of a desperate ruffian, "are we not free men? If our governor, the Senor Don Antonio Valverde, insists in plundering us in this way, Pinoheira is not so far off but that we may manage to come to an understanding with him. Although an Indian chief now, he is of the white race, without any mixture, and a caballero to the end of his fingers."

"Hold your tongue, Panchito," another said, "you would do better if you swallowed your words with your chicha, instead of talking such nonsense."

"I have a right to speak," said Panchito, who was moistening his throat more than the rest.

"Don't you know that invisible eyes are prowling about us, and that ears are open to pick up our words and profit by them?"

"Nonsense," said the first speaker, with a shrug of the shoulders, "you are always frightened, Corrocho. I care as much for spies as I do for an old bridle."

"Panchito!"

"What, am I not right? why does Don Antonio wish us so much harm?"

"You are mistaken," a third gaucho interrupted with a laugh, "the governor, on the contrary, desires your comfort, and the proof is that he takes as much as he possibly can from you."

"That confounded Patito has the cleverness of the scamp he is," Panchito exclaimed, bursting into a noisy laugh. "Well, after us the end of the world!"

"In the meanwhile let us drink," said Patito.

"Yes," Panchito replied, "let us drink and drown our cares. Besides, have we not Don Torribio Carvajal to help us if necessary?"

"That's another name that ought to stick in your throat, especially here," Corrocho exclaimed, striking the table angrily with his fist, "can't you hold your tongue, accursed dog?"

Panchito frowned, and looked askant at his comrade.

"Are you trying to bully me? Canario, you are beginning to stir my blood."

"Bully you? why not, if you deserved it?" the other answered without the slightest excitement. "Caral, for the last two hours you have been drinking like a sponge; you are as full as a butt, and you chatter like a foolish old woman. Hold your tongue, do you hear, or go to sleep."

"Sangre de Cristo!" Panchito yelled, as he dug his knife vigorously into the bar, "you will give me satisfaction."

"On my word, bloodletting will do you good, and my hand itches to give you a navajada on your ugly chops."

"Ugly chops, did you say?"

And Panchito rushed upon Corrocho, who waited for him with a firm foot. The other gauchos rushed between to prevent them striking.

"Peace, peace, caballeros, in heaven's name or the fiend's," the pulpero said; "no quarrelling in my house; if you wish to have it out, the street is free."

"The pulpero is right," said Panchito; "come on, then, if you are a man."

"Willingly."

The two gauchos, followed by their comrades, dashed out into the street. As for the pulpero, standing in his doorway with his hands in his pockets, he whistled a dance tune while awaiting the combat.

Panchito and Corrocho, who had already taken off their hats, and bowed with affected politeness to each other, after rolling their poncho round the left arm, in guise of a buckler, drew their long knives from their polenas, and without exchanging a syllable, stood on guard with remarkable coolness.

In this species of duel the honor consists in touching the adversary in the face; a blow dealt below the waist passes for an act of treachery unworthy a true caballero.

The two adversaries, solidly planted on their straddled legs, with bodies bent, and head thrown back, looked at each other attentively to divine movements, parry strokes, and scar each other. The other gauchos, with husk cigarettes in their mouths, followed the duel with unconcerned eye, and applauded the more skilful. The fight continued on both sides with equal success for some minutes, when Panchito, whose sight was doubtless obstructed by copious libations, parried a second too late, and felt the point of Corrocho's knife cut the skin of his face its whole length.

"Bravo, bravo!" all the gauchos exclaimed simultaneously, "well hit."

The combatants fell back a step, bowed to the spectators, sheathed their knives again, bowed to each other, with a species of courtesy, and, after shaking hands, re-entered the pulperia arm in arm.

The gauchos form a species of men apart, whose manners are completely unknown in Europe. Those of El Carmen, the great majority exiled for crimes, have retained their sanguinary habits and their contempt of life. Indefatigable gamblers, they have cards incessantly in their hands; and gambling is a fertile source of quarrelling, in which the knife plays the greatest part. Careless of the future and of present suffering, hardened to physical pain, they disdain death as much as life, and recoil before no danger. Well! these men, who frequently abandon their families to go and live in greater liberty amid savage hordes; who gladly and without emotion shed the blood of their fellow-men; who are implacable in their hatred; are yet capable of ardent friendship, and extraordinary self-denial and devotion. Their character offers a strange medley of good and evil, of unbridled vices and of real qualities. They are, in turn, and simultaneously, quarrelsome, indolent, drunken, cruel, proud, brave to rashness, and devoted to a friend, or patron of their choice. From childhood blood flows beneath their hands in the estancias at the period of *mantaco del ganado* (cattle slaughtering,) and they thus habituate themselves to the color of the human purple. Lastly, their jests are as coarse as their manners; and the most delicate and frequent of them is to threaten with a knife under the most frivolous pretexts.

While the gauchos, on returning to the pulperia after the quarrel, were bedewing their reconciliation, and drowning in floods of chica the remembrance of this little incident, a man, wrapped in a large cloak, and with his hat pulled over his eyes, entered the shop, without saying a word, went up to the bar, took an apparently indifferent glance around him, lit a cigarette at the brasero, and with a piastre he held in his hand, hit the table three sharp blows.

At this unexpected sound, which resembled a signal, the gauchos, who were talking eagerly together, were silent as if they had received an electric shock. Panchito and Corrocho started, and tried to see through the cloak that covered the stranger, while Patito turned his head away slightly to conceal a crafty smile.

The stranger threw away his half-consumed cigarette, and went out of the door as silently as he had entered it. A moment after, Panchito, who was wiping his cheek, and Corrocho, both pretending to remember some important business, quitted the pulperia. Patito glided along the wall to the door, and followed close at their heels.

"Hum!" the pulpero growled, "there are three scamps, who seem to be arranging some dog's trick, in which every man's head will not remain on his shoulders. Well, it is their business after all."

The other gauchos, completely absorbed in their game of monte, and bent over the cards, had not, so to speak, noticed the departure of their comrades. The stranger, when at some distance from the pulperia, turned round. The two gauchos were walking almost close behind him, and carelessly talking, like two loungers who were taking a walk.

Where was Patito? he had disappeared.

After making an almost imperceptible sign to the two gauchos, the stranger set out again, and followed a road which, by an insensible curve, left the water-side and gradually entered the plain. This road, after leaving Poblacion, took a rather sharp turn, and suddenly contracted into a path, which, like the rest, appeared to be lost in the plain.

At the corner of the path a horseman, proceeding to the village at a smart trot, passed the three men; but neither the gauchos nor the stranger being, doubtless, busy with serious thought, remarked him. As for the rider, he gave them a rapid and piercing glance, and checked the pace of his horse, which stopped a few yards further on.

"Heaven pardon me!" he said to himself, "'tis Don Torribio, or the Fiend, in flesh and bone. What can he be doing there in the company of those two bandits, who look to me exactly like imps of Satan? May I lose my name of Blas Sallazar, if I won't find out, and set myself at their heels."

And he quickly dismounted. Senor Blas Sallazar was a man of five-and-thirty at the most, rather above the average height, and somewhat corpulent; but, on the other hand, the squareness of his wide shoulders and his sturdy limbs indicated his muscular strength. A small gray eye, quick and sparkling with intelligence and boldness, lit up his open and frank countenance. His dress, with the exception of being a little more elegant, was that of the gauchos.

So soon as he dismounted he looked round, but there was no one to whom he could give his horse to hold: for at Carmen, especially in the Poblacion del Sur, it is almost a miracle for two persons to meet. He stamped his foot angrily, passed the bridle over his arm, led his horse to the pulperia the gauchos had just left, and entrusted it to the landlord.

This duty performed, for the best friend of an Hispano-American is his horse, Blas retraced his footsteps with the most minute precautions, like a man who wishes to surprise and himself remain unseen. The gauchos were ahead of him, and disappeared behind a shifting sand-ridge, at the moment he turned the corner in the road. Still he soon saw them again, climbing up a steep path, that led to a thick clump of trees. A few trees had grown in these dry sands by accident, or a caprice of Nature.

Sure now of finding them, Blas walked on more slowly, and in order to remove any suspicion about his object, he lit a cigarette. The gauchos, fortunately for him, did not look round once, but entered the wood after the man whom Blas had recognized as Don Torribio Carvajal. When Blas, in his turn, reached the skirt of the wood, instead of entering the wood immediately, he took a slight bend to his right, and then stooping down, began crawling on his hands and knees with the greatest caution, in order not to arouse the attention of the gauchos by any noise.

In a few minutes voices reached his ear. He then raised his head softly, and saw the three men standing together and talking eagerly in a clearing about ten paces from him. He rose, concealed himself behind a maple tree and began listening.

Don Torribio had let his cloak fall, and with his shoulder leant against a tree and with his legs crossed, he was listening with visible impatience to what Panchito was saying at this moment. Don Torribio was a man of eight-and-twenty, handsome, tall, and well-built, possessing elegance and nobility in his every movement, and the haughty attitude which is produced by a habit of commanding. Two large quick eyes lit up the oval of his face; two eyes charged, apparently, with lightning, and whose strange fascination it was almost impossible to endure. His flexible nostrils seem to expand through quick passions; a cold mockery was imbedded in the corners of his mouth, which was filled with splendid teeth and surmounted by a black moustache. His forehead was spacious, his skin bronzed by the heat of the sun, and his hair long and silky. Still, in spite of all this prodigality of Nature, his haughty and disdainful expression produced, in the end, a sort of repulsion.

Don Torribio's hands were small and encased in splendid-fitting gloves, and his high-ankled feet were covered by patent leather boots. As for his dress, which was extremely costly, it was in appearance much like that of the gauchos. His shirt-collar was fastened with a diamond of enormous value, and his fine-tissued poncho was worth more than five hundred piastres.

Two years before this story, Don Torribio Carvajal arrived at Carmen, a stranger to everybody—and all asked themselves, where does he come from? whence does he get his princely fortune? where are his estates? Dod Torribio had purchased an estanchia in the colony, situated some two or three leagues from Carmen, and under pretext of defending it against the Indians, had fortified it, surrounded it with moats and palisades, and mounted six guns. He had thus walled in his existence and routed curiosity. Though the gates of his estanchia were never opened to any guest, he was welcomed by the first families at Carmen, whom he visited assiduously, and then to the great surprise of all, he disappeared for several months. The ladies had wasted their smiles and glances; the men their adroit questions to make Don Torribio speak. Don Antonio Valverde, to whom his post of being governor gave the right of being curious, had not failed to feel some alarm about the handsome stranger, but weary of losing his leisure in inquiries, he left the matter to time, which sooner or later rends asunder the densest veils.

Such was the man who was listening to Panchito in the brake, and all that was known about him.

"Enough!" he said, passionately, interrupting the gaucho; "you are a dog, and the son of a dog."

"Senor!" said Panchito, drawing himself up.

"I am inclined to crush you, like the wretch you are."

"Threats to me!" the gaucho shouted, pale with rage, and drawing his knife.

Don Torribio clutched the fellow's wrist with his gloved hand, and twisted it so rudely, that he let the weapon fall with a cry of pain.

"On your knees, and ask pardon," the gentleman said, as he twisted Panchito to the ground.

"No; kill me sooner."

"Begone, villain; you are only a brute beast."

The gaucho rose tottering, his eyes were filled with blood, his lips were livid, and his whole body trembled. He picked up his knife, and approached Don Torribio, who waited for him with folded arms.

"Well, yes," he said; "I am a brute beast—but I love you, after all. Forgive me or kill me—but do not send me away."

"Begone!"

"Is that your last word?"

"Yes."

"To the demon, then."

And the gaucho, with a movement rapid as thought, raised his knife to stab himself.

"I forgive you," Don Torribio said, after checking Panchito's arm; "but if you wish to serve me, be dumb as a corpse."

The gaucho fell at his feet, and covered his hand with kisses, like a dog licking his master, who has chastized it. Corrocho had remained a motionless observer of the scene.

"What power does this strange man possess, to be thus beloved?" muttered Blas Sallazar, who was still concealed behind his tree.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Cost of War.

The modern French peace apostle, M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, has published, in the interests of the Peace Library of Paris, a remarkable *brochure*, entitled "Contemporary Wars." He deals only with facts and figures, leaving sentiment entirely alone. He only goes back for sixteen years, and gives us the bill of cost of each war. He has adhered to the utmost possible exactness, preferring to give us under than over estimates. There are abundant official documents in regard to most of the great wars since 1853, a careful study of which has enabled him to give us the fearful facts which fill his *brochure*.

In this day when many are talking so loudly about a war with England, about helping the Cubans, annexing the Dominion, freeing Ireland, triple alliances, etc., etc., it may be well for us to take a retrospective glance, and through the eyes of M. Beaulieu look at the little bill of cost in men lost and money actually paid out for past wars. Of course, it is impossible to reckon the vast sums lost by the stagnation of business, the destruction of crops, houses, and public improvements, and the general ruinous effects of war.

The first count is with the war in the Crimea, in which we have for the loss of men the frightful total of 784,901. The number of killed was only 53,907, while those who died of wounds or disease numbered 731,984. The total cost of this war, reckoning a pound sterling at five dollars, was seventeen hundred millions of dollars. To this enormous item we must add another hundred millions incurred by Austria and Prussia in maintaining a safe neutral attitude.

The war in Italy, which followed the Crimean struggle, cost 63,000 men and three hundred millions of dollars.

During the American rebellion it is estimated that 1,730,000 men were lost, and the financial losses to the North and South are estimated at *seven thousand millions* of dollars! The European losses caused by the cotton famine are estimated at eight hundred million dollars, or enough to have bought every slave in America at the rate of two hundred dollars each.

In the Schleswig war there was a loss of 3,500 men and an outlay of thirty-six millions of dollars.

The Prussian war of 1866 gives a loss of 45,000 men and an expenditure of three hundred and thirty millions of dollars.

In view of these great losses of men and money can we wonder that industry languishes and commerce suffers? Can we wonder that capital remains idle in the banks of the Old World, and that everywhere new enterprises feel the effects of these great disturbers? The wonder is that we find ourselves in as comfortable a position as we do; that our finances are no worse than they are; that our people are so generally contented. It is one of the marvels of the day that so soon after our appalling struggle we have been able to celebrate one of the great victories of peace. Between the years 1853 and 1866 the loss of human life in war has been to the extent of 1,748,491. The financial losses amount to thousands of millions of dollars. This sum, observes Beaulieu, "if employed in works of peace would have entirely transformed the social and financial condition of civilized nations. But the evil genius of war has devoured the whole of it in fourteen years in order to sweep from the face of the earth nearly 1,800,000 men!"

We must bear in mind, that although tolerably comfortable so far, we in the United States may yet have to feel more seriously than we have done—and for long years—the burdens of our heavy national debt.

Let us then try to observe the Apostolic injunction; and as far as possible, "live peaceably with all men."

☞ When a young man in some countries goes a courting, the first question the woman asks of him is, "Are you able to keep a wife when you have got her?" What a world of misery it would prevent if the young women in all countries would stick to the wisdom of that question!

☞ A Washington correspondent says, relative to the Alabama treaty:—"One of the gentlemen near the English minister puts it in something like this way: 'We gave you all you asked; we conceded all that Mr. Adams ever claimed; we finally signed a treaty entirely satisfactory to your Mr. Johnson and your Mr. Seward, your Secretary of State from the beginning of the war, and your minister to whom the Senators all agreed; we do that, and then you turn round and kick the treaty out of doors. Pray tell me what are we to do?' I am merely saying how these English diplomats do look at the matter—not saying how they *should* look at it."

☞ A silk weaver in Lyons has invented a loom so simple that an entire revolution in the manufacture of silks and satins is predicted.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 21 Machine, price $75. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent gratis—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to February 20th, containing the whole of "CUT ADRIFT; OR, THE TIDE OF FATE, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, and all the chapters of "THE RED COURT FARM," by Mrs. Henry Wood, up to this date.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been. In the way of new Novelets we announce:—

The Red Court Farm.

By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

The Last of the Incas.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We commence in the present number the new story, by Gustave Aimard, entitled

The Last of the Incas.

In this story, Mr. Aimard carries the reader to virgin soil—he leaves the flowery Savannahs of Mexico for the desolate pampas of South America. The new work is believed to contain much useful information about the natural history and the resources of a comparatively unknown country, in addition to the usual fascinating scenes of daring, peril, and adventure.

ANOTHER OFFER.

As those who wish THE POST may sometimes wish also to procure some popular work, we will send THE POST for a year, and any book whose retail price is $2.00, for the sum of $4.00. We will also pay the postage on the book.

HALF-DIME MUSIC.—We call attention to the advertisement of B. W. Hitchcock, 24 Beekman street, New York, and 814 Chestnut street, Philada.

ENLARGED.—The "CITY ITEM" has been enlarged. The young blood in this paper of late years, has evidently improved it in all ways.

☞ It is useless to look for money in an empty pocket, even with the best bank note detector.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS. Part 1. Sea and Night. By VICTOR HUGO. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., 808 Chestnut St., Philada. Price 50 cts.

POPE'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited by the Rev. H. F. CARY, M. A. With a Biographical Notice. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

TWO LIFE-PATHS. A Romance. By L. MUHLBACH. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

ANONE OF GEIERSTEIN. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

Air and Sunshine.

The season of the year is come now when life in the open air is particularly delightful, and life in the open air is what everybody needs. Men cannot live without it; those who are deprived of it are pale and effeminate, and loose half the zest of life. Little babies need it; the strong, robust boys and girls need it; and vastly more, the delicate and sickly ones. Young maidens and matrons need it. The women who are worn and weary with the cares of the house, the servants, the children, the school-room, the factory, the workshop, the needle, above everything else need a chance to get out of doors. Every human being ought to have life in the open air, daily. Most women might manage to get a little more of it than they do.

My sisters, suppose you be not quite so particular about your household arrangements; suppose you put not quite so many tucks in the children's skirts, nor quite so many frills on your own garments; suppose you earn not quite so many pennies a day, even though you have to get along without the third meal, and that you spend the extra time so secured, out where the sun shines, the birds sing, and the balmy breezes of spring wave the grass and the young growing corn. You would be all the better for it, and "the world would be the better for it."

Above all, let the poor invalids get out of doors. Let them not be content to be cooped up in close, gloomy rooms. If you cannot walk, crawl out; get your husbands to carry you out; get your mothers to lay you into easy chairs and draw you out; ask your neighbors to take their buggies and drive you out. The change of scene will delight you, and strengthen and cheer you, and make you less morbid, sickly and depressed. Get a staff and make your way over to the flower border, or out into the garden where the onions and the cabbages are growing. Have your easy chair placed where the currents of air will not strike you too roughly and the sunshine will not blaze upon you too strong, and sit and muse and vegetate and grow into health. Have your couches placed under the trees where you can hear the bees hum in the blossoms. Or, having yourself well protected by a rubber cloth or comfortable, lie down among the grasses. If you are above stairs and there is nobody to help you down, crawl out upon the roof and spread your bed there. If you cannot do this even, draw your bed to the window, and throwing it wide open, rest your pillow upon the window sill. Get as close to *nature* as you can. Pull off your shoes and stockings and let the sunshine bathe your feet. Appropriate the good and glorious gifts which God has placed within your own reach.—*Laws of Life.*

The Horse Chestnut.

Now is that most elegant of ornamental trees, the horse-chestnut, in the flower of its beauty, and the sight of its pink and silvery cones of blossom prompts me to ask whence the tree derived its name? I know what you will answer—that it is because horses eat the fruit. This is what encyclopedias tell us, and what gardeners have told me, with one single exception, and it has always struck me that this odd man's reason for the name was better than the popular one. He told it to me long years ago, and I have since propounded it to many an amateur horticulturist, and more than one professional, and, singularly enough, no one has known of the peculiar feature of the tree that stamps it with a horsey character. You may see it for yourself by examining the bifurcations of the slender branches and twigs. You will observe that the point of juncture of the smaller with the larger shoots takes the form of a horse's fetlock, with the hoof, perfectly modelled, even to the marks of the protruding shoe-nails. Those sprigs that are about as thick as a quill show the formation best; of course its degree of perfection differs in different specimens; to see it is to believe that it ought to be the origin of the tree's name. Anyhow it is so curious a feature that one wonders why arborists in general make no allusion to it. Are they all silent upon the point?

☞ Schepler & Co. recently failed in New York for, it is said, $8,000,000. Gold speculations!

☞ The New York Lady's Society, "Sorosis," recently refused to admit Mr. Roosevelt to membership, simply because he had the misfortune to be "a man." And yet these ladies feel hurt because they cannot go to Congress, ride velocipedes, and sing bass!

☞ FRUIT AHOY!—The berry and peach crops promise finely. The peach growers along the Delaware railroad estimate to send about 2,000,000 baskets to market—one-third more than two years ago. The following is the estimate of the berries likely to be sent over the road:—Strawberries, 1,018,750 quarts; blackberries, 74,500 do.; raspberries, 21,000. This does not include the wild berries gathered in various parts of the state. The freight on 1,500,000 baskets of peaches will amount to about $500,000, and this amount is realized in about six weeks. About 400,000 baskets will be sent by water to this city.

☞ HOMESTEAD TITLES.—The Commissioner of the General Land Office, in answer to an inquiry, has recently written a letter stating that the Homestead law requires actual *residence upon* as well as cultivation of the tract embraced in a homestead entry; that there is no discrimination or relaxation of the requirements in favor of single men; and that absence therefrom or failure to maintain *bona fide* residence upon the land for a period exceeding six months at any one time works a forfeiture of all claim thereto.

☞ Creosote oil is used as fuel for steam boilers in English manufactories. It is said to be very cheap and efficient.

Millie:

The Story of a Beautiful Young Widow who Advertised for a Husband.

In the latter part of February there appeared in one of the New York papers the following:—

"A young widow, nineteen years of age, of high standing in society, and having a large fortune in her own right, wishes to correspond with a thoroughly educated young man of equal standing in society, with a view to matrimony. Photographs exchanged. The reasons for resorting to this method to obtain a husband will be satisfactorily explained. Address MILLIE STANTON, Station D, New York City."

Among the persons who answered this advertisement was a dashing young gentleman who does not live more than a league from this city. His letter was very brief, but sufficiently ample in its language to give the young widow of nineteen an idea of what sort of a fellow he was. The young gentleman (whose name is withheld at special request,) enclosed his "picter," and as it was a very correct presentment of a rather handsome man, it seemed to make a quick impression on the heart of his fair correspondent. A few days later the young gentleman received an answer to his letter. This, like his own, was brief, and read as follows:—

NO. — EIGHTH STREET, }
NEW YORK, March 3. }

Dear Sir:—I received yours, and answer at my earliest leisure. I am favorably impressed with your face, as shown in your photograph, and send you mine. I hope it will not displease you. If, after examining my likeness, you think you might learn to love me, I shall be pleased to meet you on Tuesday evening next, at No. — Eighth Street. Respectfully, MILLIE.

P. S. Inquire for Mrs. De Forrest, and don't call before eight o'clock.

This missive was written in a delicate feminine hand which showed culture, and caused the young gentleman, who had commenced the correspondence by way of a joke, to feel a little serious over the matter. The picture of the young widow was the likeness of an exceedingly handsome woman, whose face bore an expression which showed that the pride of birth and fortune was in the blood that gave to it the rosy flush of beauty. Truth makes it necessary to state that the young man at once fell in love with the face, and resolved to go down to New York on the following Tuesday and have an interview with its owner. He therefore dropped "Millie" a line, announcing his intention of calling, and expressed the hope that she would not disappoint him by her absence from home at the time she had appointed for the interview.

Between the time of the posting of this letter and the visit of our young gentleman to New York, nothing occurred beyond the reception of a second missive, assuring him that the young widow would be at home at the time designated. Arraying himself in his "best," he went to New York, and at eight o'clock on the Tuesday evening appointed he walked up the brown stone steps of a brown stone front on Eighth street, and pulled the door bell. This was answered by a servant, who ushered him into the reception room. He was informed that Mrs. De Forrest was "in," upon which he handed the servant his card, and requested its immediate delivery to the "young widow." Shortly afterward the parlor door opened, and a splendidly dressed lady entered the room, and at once approached the young man, seized him by the hand, and expressed her pleasure at meeting him.

A critical examination of the young woman's features and "style" resulted in the discovery of one of the handsomest types of beauty that our gentleman had ever beheld. He looked, and as he gazed, his heart was smitten. She gazed, and as she looked, she seemed to be delighted with the manly form before her. After some ordinary talk about the weather, Lent, and the opera, the young widow, suddenly changing the subject, said: "I suppose we might as well talk about the matter which we have met to consider."

As she said this, she looked tenderly, yet searchingly, into the eyes of the young gentleman, and, after a moment's pause, said: "I presume you would like to know who I am, and why I advertised for a life partner, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly," replied our young gentleman, "I have no objections."

At this, Mrs. De Forrest, the dashing young widow in want of a husband, began a narrative which it is unnecessary here to give at length. She told how she had married; how her husband died while they were travelling in Europe; how he left her an immense property valued at nearly a million of dollars; how a hundred young fellows had offered her their hands and hearts; how she had resolved to marry a stranger, if she could find one "suited to her mind;" how her relatives had consented to this course, and how constant her efforts would be to make the man happy with whom she might enter the bonds of wedlock. So rapidly did the strange beauty talk that our young gentleman found it difficult to "get in a single word edgeways," as the saying goes. She continued her story, which was one of marvellous adventure, considering that the narrator was so young and so beautiful, and had just begun to explain her pedigree, when a man's voice in the hallway outside said: "Where's Annie?" At the same time a gentleman opened the door and entered the parlor.

"Look 'ere," he said, addressing the dashing young widow, "you go up stairs. Up to your old tricks again, I see. I supposed you were, and that's the reason why I watched you."

This interruption broke on the susceptible heart of our young gentleman like a terrible calamity, and the effect was greatly heightened when the young widow commenced to pour out a volume of epithets on the intruder, quite as inelegant as they were profane. Here was a nice fix for our adventurous young gentleman. He turned pale with surprise, and addressing the gentleman, said: "But I hope you will allow me to explain?" "Oh, that's all right," said the stranger; "I'll fix that with you as soon as I get this unfortunate young woman to her room."

With considerable difficulty the young widow was removed, and when the gentleman returned our hero was informed that the woman was crazy, and that a constant watch had to be kept over her to prevent her from having similar interviews with strangers. Our young gentleman begged a thousand pardons, and was shown the door. He at once returned home, and vows that he will never be caught in the matrimonial advertisement trap again.—*New Haven Palladium.*

The Earth-Closet.

A correspondent would like to know "who is Mr. Moule, and what is an earth-closet of his pattern?" Mr. Moule is a minister in England—vicar, we believe, of Fordington, Dorset. The subject of utilizing the ejecta of the population having been largely discussed in Europe by Mr. Mechi, of Tiptree Hall, and other members of the Royal Agricultural Society, Mr. Moule, a few years ago, made an advance movement, which, if followed, promises to come nearer than any previous attempt to the solution of the problem.

The chief principle or first fact upon which Mr. Moule's system is based, is the power of dry, pulverized earth, especially clay, to absorb and retain ammonia, and other fertilizers, without arresting their decomposition. This, used as a substitute for water in cities, is the reform he urges.

The mode of action is the delivery of a small quantity of prepared earth directly upon the deposit. Sufficient earth for a day's use of an ordinary family, may, according to Mr. Moule's statement, be carried in a coal-hod; and Mr. Mechi cites an instance where a cart-load and a-half served a school of fifty-five boys for six months. The same earth may be dried and used repeatedly, each repetition increasing its value as a manure, and, within certain limits, not lessening its deodorizing qualities. "Its daily removal will be as unobjectionable as though it were coal-ashes."

Mr. Moule thinks that surface soil may be brought to the city, and returned to the garden or field from which it was taken in the same manner as straw for stables is now brought and returned. Companies, says he, will be formed which will take upon themselves the working expenses, and find at least sufficient profit after paying thirty shillings per ton. The poor might have revenue, and the servants of the rich some gratuities, since a much less sum than that named would pay for supplying, removing, and drying the earth. He estimates that if one-fifth of the inhabitants of Great Britain were to adopt this reform, a million tons of manure, equal to guano, would each year be added to the supply of fertilizers.

A Diamond Test.

The more valuable an article is, the more it is counterfeited, and the greater the perfection to which falsification is carried. The diamond has been so successfully imitated that he must be an expert indeed who can tell the false from the true. It by no means follows that because a man deals in jewels his honesty must be of the first water. A method which any one can apply, or easily get applied, has been a desideratum; but the want exists no longer. If you have a doubtful stone, put it, or cause it to be put, into a leaden or platinum cup, with some powdered flour spar, and a little oil of vitriol; warm the vessel over some lighted charcoal, in a fireplace, or wherever there is a strong draught, to carry away the noxious vapors that will be copiously evolved. When these vapors have ceased rising let the whole cool, and then stir the mixture with a glass rod to fish out the diamond. If you find it intact it is a genuine stone; but if it is false it will be corroded by the hydrofluoric acid that has been generated around it. A small paste diamond would disappear altogether under the treatment. They who profit by this recipe have to thank Signor Massimo Levi, an Italian chemist.—*London Once a Week.*

[But what satisfaction would there be in finding out your diamond was paste?—*Ed. Post.*]

☞ Minister Motley took 30 trunks with him to Europe. One-half are said to be filled with Seward's correspondence on the Alabama question—the rest with clothes and "instructions."

☞ The "Maternal Association" of Paris, composed of aristocratic ladies who have agreed to nurse their own children, numbers two hundred members.

☞ Article 33, of the new Constitution of Spain, declaring that the form of government of the Spanish nation is monarchy, was passed, after a protracted debate, by a vote of 214 to 70.

☞ In Washington a meeting of "Imperialists" who favor a "Constitutional Monarchy," has been called. A paper devoted to Imperialism has been commenced in New York.

☞ A man recently died in New Orleans, leaving one of the briefest wills on record. It consisted of five words—"Mrs. Roper is my heiress"—with a codicil of four or five words more. He then folded the sheet, stating in an endorsement that it was his will, to be opened only in case of his death, and to be executed by a certain-named person, and that a copy of it was in the hands of his heiress. This will was contested in the courts, but its legality was sustained.

☞ The Methodist clergymen of Chicago, at a meeting on Monday, adopted resolutions protesting "against the ceremony of decorating the soldiers' graves being performed on the Sabbath day."

☞ The bill authorizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister has recently passed the House of Commons by a majority of 99.

☞ An invoice of Japan teas has arrived in St. Louis, in thirty days from Yokohama, via the Pacific Railroad.

☞ According to Bismarck, a new danger threatens Western Europe—Russian communism. In and around Russian villages the land is held in common, not in severalty.

☞ A Boston editor recently visited 14 different fortune-tellers, and got as many different, and, in some cases, opposing "futures" prophesied for him.

☞ There is a man, in Chicago who possesses so remarkable a memory that he is employed by the various benevolent societies to "remember the poor."

☞ A BLIND COMPOSITOR.—In a printing office at Gosport, Indiana, is a blind compositor. His average day's work is 5,000 ems, and on several occasions he has set from 7,000 to 9,000. His letter is distributed for him, and his copy is read by his partner, his memory being so perfect that he can retain from four to six lines; when this is finished he cries the last word set, when another sentence is read and so on.

☞ Mr. A. R. Corbin, a retired millionaire of New York, was recently married to Miss Jennie Grant, sister of the President of the United States.

☞ The Treasury Department has a clerk who is so "inexperienced" in official duties that it has recently been discovered that he is drawing three salaries, amounting in the aggregate to $4,000, for his valuable services.

☞ Iowa plants every three years a forest of 5,000,000 trees, and within considerably less than half a dozen years 25,000,000 forest trees have been planted and are now growing there.

Influence of the Newspaper.

A school-teacher, who has been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of the newspaper on the minds of a family of children, writes as follows: "I have found it to be a universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes, and of all ages, who have had access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are better readers, excelling in punctuation, and consequently read more understandingly. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others. They are better grammarians; for, having become so familiar with every variety in the newspaper, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with more accuracy."

Coloring Marble.

Some months ago an inventor in New York, while seeking some means of making barrel-staves impervious to petroleum, accidentally used a piece of marble to wedge the barrel he was experimenting upon, into its place in the vat containing the solution with which he was trying to fill the pores of the wood. On taking out the marble he noticed that it was beautifully stained, but threw it aside without further thought. About a month later he picked it up, examined it, tried to wash it clean, failed, broke it with a hammer-stroke, and lo! the color had penetrated the whole mass. This discovery has been pushed on, and it is now claimed that six hundred different hues can be permanently imparted to marble.

☞ Rosa Althoff, of Dayton, Ohio, went to sleep the other night with a shawl-pin in her mouth, and swallowed it. The pin, which was more than two inches long, with a large glass head, had to be removed through an incision in her throat.

☞ In the case of Cyrus H. McCormick against the Pennsylvania Railroad, to recover for loss of baggage in 1862, before the New York Court, a verdict of $10,000 was given for the plaintiff, on Monday, and the Court gave an extra allowance of $500 for counsel fees.

☞ A correspondent of the Ripon (Wis.) Commonwealth gives the number of clover seeds in a bushel. He counted the seeds in one ounce, and found 17,300. In one pound there would, therefore, be 276,800; in one bushel, 16,608,000.

☞ The London Spectator says that a reverence for money is rapidly developing itself among the English masses, and riches promise in time to completely overshadow any claims of nobility or family.

☞ A young man wants a situation where the only heavy thing is the salary. He is willing to dispense with any amount of work if this can be guaranteed.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull; sales of 7000 bbls Northwest extra family, including superfine, a $5@5,50; extra at $5,75@6,50; Northwest extra family $6 25 @7; Penna extra family $7@8,50; Ohio and Indiana family $7,50@8,75. Rye Flour sells at $5,75 @7 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat. About 45,000 bus sold at $1,50@1,55 for red; $1,60@ 1,65 for amber; $1,70@1,75 for fancy amber; $1,45@ 1,50 for No 1 spring; $1,75 for California, and $1,75 @1,85 for white. Rye; 2500 bus Penna and Western sold at $1,42@1,43. Corn; sales of 60,000 bus at 85 @86c for prime yellow and 82@85c ₩ bus for Western mixed. Oats; 50,000 bus sold at 60@63c for Western, 65@68c for Southern, and 75@78 ₩ bus for Penna, as to quality.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet. Sales of Beef Hams are reported at $20@21. Green Meats —600 tcs pickled Hams sold at 17@17½c. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs Western at 19c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of prime roll at 34@35c. Eggs sell at 29c ₩ dozen.

SEEDS—We quote Cloverseed at $8,50@9,25, and Timothy at $3,75@4. Flaxseed is selling at $2,70 ₩ bushel.

FRUIT—Green Apples are scarce at $8@10 ₩ bbl. Dried Fruit—Sales of Tennessee Apples at 13@12c., and North Carolina at 14@16c ₩ lb, and Peaches at 14@14½c for halves, 11c for quarters, and 5@25c ₩ lb for pared.

☞ A Minnesota Judge has decided when a man is "legally drunk." He says: "It is not necessary that a man should be wallowing in a ditch, or bumping his head against your posts, that you may know him to be drunk; but whenever he begins to tell the same thing over twice, then he's drunk!"

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head. The prices realized from 9½@11 cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—16,000 head were disposed of at from 4@6c ₩ lb. 4500 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 14,25 ₩ 100 lbs.

OBSCENE STORIES.—Even profanity in its worst garb does not more surely tend to moral decrepitude and death, than the habit so very prevalent among young men of indulging in obscene remarks and stories which are pointed only with filth. This evil is a great and growing one, and is the more to be deprecated, because it has the countenance of—or at least is tolerated by—those who are esteemed good men and Christians.

Without a Good Digestion

All other temporal blessings are comparatively worthless. The dyspeptic millionaire who has tried all the potions of the medical profession in vain, and believes his complaint to be incurable, would give half his fortune to be freed from the horrors of indigestion, and thus enabled to enjoy the other half. *Of course he would.*

Perhaps HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS has been recommended to such a sufferer. Possibly he has turned from the friend who made the suggestion with a sneer, intimating that he has *no faith* in any "patent medicine." If this has been the case, *so much the worse for him.* His incredulity dooms him to a life of misery. All the luxuries which wealth can purchase are at his command. Not one of them can give him pleasure. His own irrational obstinacy is his bane.

The *masses*, happily for themselves, are less skeptical. There is such a thing as *bigoted unbelief*, as well as *bigoted credulity*, and a golden mean, between the two, which men and women who are gifted with common sense adopt and profit by. These are the class that patronize and recommend HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. Why do they approve this famous anti-dyspeptic and anti-bilious preparation? Simply because they have not been too much the slaves of senseless prejudice to give it a fair trial, and have found that when all other tonics, stimulants and stomachics failed, it produced the desired effect.

"Strike, but hear," said the Roman sage, when his ignorant enemies were assailing him. "Doubt, but try," says the man who has been cured of indigestion, or biliousness, or intermittent fever, by the Bitters, as he relates his experience of the medicine to his invalid friends. Whoever is so wedded to his own foregone theoretical conclusions, as to decline to test the properties of a medicine endorsed by the testimony of intelligent men in every walk of life, and approved by the people at large, *deserves to suffer.* my1-4t

The Spider's Counsel.

One day, on removing some books at Sir William Jones's chambers, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth, called to his friend Day, "Kill that spider! kill that spider!" "No," said Day, coolly, "I will not kill that spider, Jones. I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose, when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior being who may, perhaps, have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!' how would you like that, Jones? And I am sure that to most people a lawyer is a more obnoxious animal than a spider."

S—a—r—s—a—p—a—r—i—l—l—i—a—n.

HIDDEN VIRTUES BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

For 300 years the curative properties of Sarsaparilla have lain dormant in a part of the root, that have escaped the notice of chemists. By the *new process recently discovered* by *Dr. RADWAY*, in extracting the medicinal properties from vegetable substances that enter the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT*, *SARSAPARILLIAN*, the crystalline principle of Sarsaparilla, was found to possess *the true virtues* ascribed to this root, and, obtained as it now is under *Dr. RADWAY'S new process*, rescues, by its wonderful curative power over all forms of Chronic, Skin, Scrofulous, and uncured secondary diseases, the reputation of Sarsaparilla from the unfavorable opinions of the medical faculty.

SARSAPARILLIAN, *SARSAPARILLIAN*, associated with other ingredients of extraordinary curative properties, enters into the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT*, and this remedy may now be considered as the most effectual and quick curative remedy in all Chronic Glandular, Skin, Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary diseases. In diseases of the Lungs, Bronchi, Throat, and Liver, it affords immediate assistance. It communicates its curative powers through the blood, sweat, and urine. The moment it is swallowed it commences its work of purification and the expulsion of corrupt humors from the blood. It repairs the waste of the body with sound and healthy material, and secures functional harmony of each depraved organ in the natural secretion of its proper constituents. In cases where there is difficulty in the Kidneys, and Diabetes, Gravel, Catarrh, or Irritation of the Bladder, Bright's Disease, &c., &c., is present, this remedy will give immediate relief, and insure a cure.

Question.—Dr. A. asks, "Will your Resolvent make a permanent cure of uncured secondary disease? If so, have you satisfactory proof?"

Answer.—We have a number of cases of persons that were unsuccessfully treated on the Parisian plan of vapor baths of Mercury, Arsenic, Sulphur, and the administration of Mercury, Potass, Iodine, where their sufferings were only suppressed, and in a few months the disease appeared again—that as far back as 1849-50—and when treated by the Renovating Resolvent, as prepared under the new process, were cured, and, since married, have had children, and no trace of disease or impure blood has been developed in their children up to this time. We have not heard of one instance of the reappearance of the old disease that was treated by the Resolvent under its new mode of preparation. As it is now prepared, its power over all diseases generated in the blood, or where there are poisonous elements in the blood, either Scrofula, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Worms in the Skin, Salt Rheum, Cancerous Ulcers or Tumors, is quick and positive. In all cases where there is disease caused by impure blood, depraved habit of system, functional derangement, or through the evil effects of Mercury or imperfect digestion, this remedy *will cure*, if it is in the power of human agency to do so. The experience of over 25 years gives us confidence in the curative efficacy of our remedies, and justifies us in making these promises to the public.

Price of R. R. Resolvent (Sarsaparillian), $5 for six bottles, or $1 per bottle, at No. 87 Maiden lane, and by druggists. Ask for *RADWAY'S RESOLVENT*, and see that each bottle has the word *SARSAPARILLIAN* on the outside label.

RADWAY & Co., No. 87 Maiden lane, New York.

Sold by Druggists everywhere, and in Philadelphia by Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch St. my29 tf

☞ PARDON OF HESTER VAUGHAN.—Governor Geary has pardoned the child-murderess, Hester Vaughan, who, it will be remembered, was convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged. She has gone home to England.

Interesting to Ladies.

We have had one of Grover & Baker's Machines in our house for 13 years. It has done all our work in the most satisfactory manner, and is never out of order. We unhesitatingly pronounce it the best family machine made. No money would induce us to part with this our pride—a faithful assistant, always ready and never failing us.—*Mrs. S. N. Kellogg, Sherman House, Chicago.*

☞ The Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette says: "It takes ten minutes to marry a couple in this county—but to separate five couples by divorce, it took but fifteen, or three minutes a couple, in the Supreme Court last week.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS, subjected to the test of public opinion and public trial for over thirty years, have now the verdict, universally acknowledged the only reliable family remedies in existence.

☞ A traveller says that if he were asked to describe the first sensation of a camel ride, he would say:—"Take a music stool, and having wound it up as high as it would go, put it in a cart without springs, get on top, and next drive the cart transversely across a ploughed field, and you will then form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you would experience the first time you mounted a camel."

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, R. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sep26-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,
129 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ There are now living in Upson county, Georgia, an old couple, man and wife, whose united ages are 203—the man being 101, and the woman 102 years old.

Obstructions.

David Rittenhouse, the celebrated astronomer, who was skillful in measuring the size, and determining the position of the heavenly bodies, found that a thread of ordinary sewing silk drawn across the glass of his telescope would completely conceal a star. The finest fibre of silk would hide a distant star for several seconds. So the smallest speck of prejudice or the finest thread of worldly policy or ambition drawn across the lens of the mind obstructs the light of divinest truth and hides half the glory of the heavens. To see the spiritual world we must keep the passions, cares and loves of the earth from the eye of the soul, as the astronomer wipes the steam and dust from his glass.

For Black Worms,

And Pimples on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond st., New York. Sold everywhere. The trade supplied in Philadelphia, by

my8-2m JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN.

☞ A Kentucky tobacco manufacturer recently threw two tons of tobacco, slightly damaged, into the Ohio river, rather than pay the Government tax upon it.

To Remove Moth Patches,

Freckles and Tan from the face, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry. my8-2m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. JOHN MOTT to Miss MARY E. STOUT, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. THEODORE STEEL to Miss ELIZABETH SCHMITT, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JACOB GRAUL, of Chester, to Miss KATE BURSON, of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. P. S. Henson, LEWIS HABUNLEN, Jr., to LAURA W. MEURER, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Geo. W. Lybrand, Mr. JOSHUA WAINWRIGHT to Miss SARAH F. TOWNSLEY, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Cole, Mr. WILLIAM NICHOLS to Miss ELIZA D., daughter of the late John Scott, Esq., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, GEORGE HOOD, in his 67th year.

On the 18th instant, Mr. SAMUEL C. PRICE, aged 58 years.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. ANNA MASON, in her 70th year.

On the 17th instant, ABEL LINCOLN, in his 67th year.

On the 16th instant, H. EDITH, wife of Edw. W. Hall, in her 30th year.

On the 16th instant, HANNAH, wife of the late Raymond Colton, in her 27th year.

On the 15th instant, HENRY C. EDGER, aged 23 years.

On the 15th instant, MARY ANN, wife of Daniel Allen, aged 34 years.

On the 14th instant, HENRY HOFFMAN, in his 14th year.

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57. Sweet Heart.
58. The Smile of Memory.
59. Mabel Waltz.
60. Meet Me in the Lane, Love.
61. The Lancashire Lass.
62. The Foreign Count.
63. Where There's a Will There's a Way.
64. Be Watchful and Beware.
65. Boston Belles.
66. Chestnut Street Belles.
67. Barney O'Hea.
68. My Mother Dear.
69. Day and Night I Thought of Thee.
70. The Fidgety Wife.
71. My Angel.
72. Oh! You Pretty Blue Eyed Witch.
73. Oh! Would I Were a Bird.
74. The Fairy's Well.
75. Bachelor's Hall.
76. After Dark.
77. The Bashful Young Lady.
78. Larboard Watch.
79. Mary of Argyle.
80. Maggie Morgan.
81. Willie Went a Wooing.
82. School for Jolly Dogs.
83. Kitty Tyrrell.
84. The Bell Goes a Ringing for Sairah.
85. Castles in the Air.
86. Scenes that are Brightest.
87. Paddle Your Own Canoe.
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FACTORY SONG.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

The spindles whirl, the bobbins fill,
A little maid tends the thread,
Singing a song of somebody,
And somebody's name is Fred.
She sings aloud for none can hear,
So noisily goes the mill,
Telling her secret to many an ear,
And keeping her secret still.

The din to her has a goodly sound
Of a carpenter's hammer and saw,
And voice of raisers of cottage walls—
"Heavo; heavo! hurrah!"
Building a home for a married pair—
And somebody's name is Fred,
And somebody's wife is a factory girl,
Spinning the slender thread.

O, never she doubts but somebody thinks
Of her as she thinks of him;
Knowing what day their cup of bliss
Will be full to its very brim.
So to and fro, in the aisle she goes,
Light-hearted and light of tread,
Thinking how willingly ever she'll work
For the man whose name is Fred.

She doffs the bobbins, they fill again,
And so on all the day;
Then at sound of the bell the little maid
Trips down the stairs and away.
But whether by day or whether by night,
At work, or asleep in bed,
Her spirit is singing of somebody,
And somebody's name is Fred.

Curious Employments of Paris.

TEACHING BIRDS TO SING.

In Paris not only are there breeders of "clean beasts and of beasts that are not clean, and of fowls and of other things that creep upon the earth," but there are educators of squirrels, instructors of owls and canaries, professors of language for parrots, magpies and starlings, and of singing for chaffinches, goldfinches, and nightingales. Moreover, all these people manage to live by the singular professions they have chosen. Take the case of the birds' singing-master, who earns quite as much as many professionals who teach singing to unfeathered bipeds. A bird that costs a few francs has its value more than quintupled after a course of lessons from one of these professors, who receive singing birds of every description as boarders, and superintend their musical education, or provide tutors for them at their own homes in the shape of perfectly trained warblers, which are shut up night and day with the pupil whose vocal attainments are of an inferior order. Intelligent birds, after about six weeks' instruction, are able to sing two or three airs correctly, and in due course will become more or less accomplished tenors and sopranos. These feathered Marios and Pattis are produced by contract for from five to ten francs each, according to the completeness of the musical education stipulated for. The terms for professors of their own species to instruct them at their own homes is generally sixpence per week, with board in addition.

THE ANT BREEDER.

A few years ago the inhabitants of a particular street in Paris were attacked with an unaccountable irritation of the epidermis, which compelled them to scratch themselves from morning till night, no considerate Duke of Argyle being there to take compassion on them. The result was that they sacrificed themselves bit by bit, and any one seeing them would have thought that leprosy at least had fallen on the quarter. An inquiry was instituted by the authorities, when it was discovered that the proximity of a certain Mademoiselle Rose, breeder of ants, for the sake of their eggs for fattening young pheasants, was the cause of the calamity. On the police visiting her establishment, they encountered a woman between forty and fifty years of age, and of a terrible aspect, her face and hands being as completely tanned as though they had undergone dressing at the hands of a skillful currier. This was the result of continuous attacks on the part of her ungrateful pupils, whose inroads upon her person had forced her to encase the rest of her body in buff leather. Thus protected, she slept at night surrounded by sacks full of her vivacious merchandise in perfect security, and seemed much astonished at the police visiting her establishment.

"How can any one venture to complain of these little insects?" remarked she. "Why, I live in the very midst of them, and do not feel any the worse. Some one must have a spite against me I am certain—the world is so wicked." Despite, however, of all she could urge, Mademoiselle Rose was obliged to transport her strange boarding establishment to a perfectly isolated building beyond the barrier, and in due course the cutaneous irritation experienced by her late neighbors was allayed.

Mademoiselle Rose had her correspondents in many of the departments of France, more especially in those where very large forests exist, and paid them at the rate of a couple of francs a day. Her aggregate daily consignments were about half a score of large sacks, her profits on which amounted to thirty francs. She was proud of her trade, and maintained that she was the only person who thoroughly understood the fecundation of emmets, having long since made it her business to study the manners and customs of these insects. "I can make them," she used to say, "lay eggs at will, and produce ten times as many as they do in a wild state. To accomplish this I place them in a room where there is an iron stove kept heated red hot. I allow them to make their nests where they please, as it never does to interfere with them. They require great care, and the more attention you bestow upon them the more money they will bring you in. I sell their eggs to the chemists, and supply the Jardin des Plantes and most of the breeders of pheasants in the neighborhood of Paris with them. The young birds have a particular liking for this kind of food."

THE MAGGOT BREEDER.

Not only has Paris its breeders of ants, but its breeders of "gentles," or maggots, as well. The more than two thousand enthusiastic anglers, men and boys, which the city numbers, need a good deal of bait for their lines, and an old man, known as Pere Salin, found a way to supply it. The calling is anything but a clean one, although the manufacture was, so to say, self-working. All that was requisite, was to obtain a good supply of defunct domestic animals, and store them away in an old loft until they were in a state of putrescence, when the gentles were collected and packed in tin cases, known as "culottes," for which a couple of francs each were charged, and by the sale of which our gentle merchant realized a profit of about fifteen francs a day in the height of the season. In the winter he turned his attention to rearing worms for nightingales—a first-rate business in its way, yielding an ample return on an insignificant capital; the Parisians who keep nightingales being mostly rich old women and quiet tradesmen, who pay well for the favorite food of their pets.

Everybody knows the cleverly made-up "dummies" with which small tradesmen all the world over stock their shops, but few would imagine that the handsome joints of meat and other comestibles, which are displayed in the windows of the inferior class of Paris restaurants to tempt the passing epicure, are simply hired for the purpose. Certain butchers do a considerable trade in letting out these show joints, these graceful giggots, succulent-looking fillets and elegantly trimmed cutlets, arranged with such art to catch the eyes of the unwary. To let out provisions on hire seems strange enough, but hardly more strange than letting out clean linen, which is a trade of itself in the low quarters of Paris. The garment exchanged is required to be of equal value with that let on hire, otherwise a proportionate deposit, in addition to the fixed price paid in advance for the hiring, is exacted. Among other odd things let on hire in Paris, leeches may be enumerated. You can secure the services of a dozen of these useful little animals, which are such benefactors to mankind, and meet with so much ingratitude in return, at the rate of a couple of sous each, and many of their owners will bring them and set them biting for a small extra payment.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Among the more out-of-the-way Parisian types, one of the most peculiar is the individual known as the "guardian angel," who, while ordinarily the poorest of the poor, is required to be scrupulously honest, as well as firm against all attempts at cajolery, sober in the midst of temptation, and brave in the presence of danger. He flourishes chiefly in the outskirts of the city, where wine-shops, although sufficiently numerous, are not quite at every man's door as they are in many quarters of Paris, and during the day hangs about the more thriving of these establishments, doing odd jobs for the proprietor in return for a scanty meal; while in the evening he waits patiently in front of the counter until his services are in requisition to assist any member of the company home whose potations may have rendered him incapable of performing that office for himself. From the moment he is engaged, he has to exhibit an almost diplomatic skill in frustrating the various schemes which wine is apt to suggest to its more ardent votaries on finding themselves subject to unpleasant supervision. As he who has already drank too much invariably wants to continue drinking, it is of the utmost importance, when once the guardian angel has got his charge on the road home, for him to steer clear of the invitingly open doors of the various wine-shops along their line of route; he must, moreover, disregard alike his entreaties, prayers, promises and threats, while pretending to respect them; must prevent his charge from engaging in conversation with passers-by, and keep him from entangling himself in broils; or failing this, must tear him away by brute force, and even fight for him if necessary. If he cannot otherwise get him along, he must be able to carry him home on his back. The guardian angel is held responsible for whatever property his charge has about him, who, next day, will reward his guide, philosopher and friend of the night before with a franc, or half a franc, according as he is liberal or mean in such matters. He is not likely to shuffle out of paying the fee, as this would subject him to being cut by all his boon companions, who would feel their own safety, in the hour of danger, imperilled, should the guardian angel of the clique be once defrauded of his due. Some of these succorers of frail humanity provide themselves with hand-barrows, in which they deposit their charge, when he is in an utterly helpless state, and wheel him leisurely home. As a guardian angel's opportunities of earning money come altogether, as it were, and as, moreover, he can only conduct one fallen spirit home at a time, his mighty earnings rarely exceed two francs, and commonly not more than half that amount.

THE WAKER.

The clients of the guardian angel sleep soundly as a matter of course. Should their avocations require them to be astir at sunrise, Paris has its living alarums to waken them up at the modest charge of two sous. In the neighborhood of the great central market, where the thousands of people employed have to be at their posts by daybreak, and for this reason live as close to the spot as possible, the reveilleuse, as she is styled, abounds. Heavy sleepers, such as those who have been conducted home at night by guardian angels, and who live on fourth or fifth floors, are far from profitable clients, as no matter the amount of time wasted in rousing them, the fee is only two sous. By many of her clients the reveilleuse is received with growls interspersed with oaths; but, nowise intimidated, she replies with smiles and the soft answers that turn away wrath. She is nevertheless resolute, and never quits a client until he is thoroughly awake.

THE WEDDING-POET.

Another strange Parisian calling is that of the wedding-poet, who watches the announcement of forthcoming marriages among the small shop-keeping class, and takes his notes of the bride, the color of her hair, complexion and style of face and figure on the steps of the mairie as the wedding-party enter the building. On the shoemaker's principle, that there is nothing like leather, he remarks to the bridegroom, whom he subsequently intercepts at the door of the restaurant where the "noce" is to be celebrated, that wedding without poetry is deprived of all its sentiment, and then proceeds to show that happy individual the little string of compliments, which have already done duty hundreds of times, but which he gives him to understand have been inspired by the charming bride of to-day. To remove any feeling of apprehension which might be entertained with regard to his appearance in the midst of an elegant company in threadbare attire, he takes care to inform the bridegroom that he has a dress-suit at home—meaning that, if engaged, he knows where to hire one. After dinner he recites his poetical rhapsody in praise of the bride, for which his fee is ordinarily fifteen francs, though he will not disdain a smaller sum.

THE RIDDLE GUESSER.

Another curious specialist was the man who gained his living by guessing riddles, that is to say the rebuses, charades, and logogriphes which it was the fashion with certain newspapers to publish periodically, with the view, it is supposed, of sharpening the intellects of their more obtuse subscribers. In those quarters of the city where the class of small renters abound, an extraordinary excitement used to prevail at all the cafes, estaminets, and boarding-houses on the mornings these intellectual problems made their appearance. Profiting by this circumstance, a small band of Œdipuses arose who, as early as possible after the papers were published, and they had themselves solved the enigma of the day, commenced their rounds to the various cafes, and for a fee of five sous privately furnished the proprietors with a written solution of the problem. In these golden days riddle-guessers with a large connection would make as much as forty francs out of a single rebus.

THE GOATHERD.

Until ousted by recent demolitions, or by virtue of sanitary regulations, there existed in the very heart of Paris, close to the College of France in fact, a town-bred goatherd who kept his herd, more than fifty in number, up five pair of stairs, in a couple of ordinary-sized rooms divided into as many stalls as he had goats, and made his living by selling their milk. Dressed in a short jacket, gaiters, and broad-brimmed hat, and with the orthodox crook in hand, he used daily to drive the animals to pasture some couple of miles off, ten at a time; and to see of a morning the goats descending the polished stairs, slippery as any Alpine glacier, was a singular sight. The man had been originally a bricklayer's laborer, whose wife gave birth to three children at a single confinement, when, according to the prevailing custom under such circumstances, she was provided by the authorities with a couple of goats to assist her in suckling them. Wife and children, however, alike died, and the bereaved husband and father finding himself in undisturbed possession of the animals, abandoned the hod for the crook, and became a breeder and tender of kids, and dealer in goats' milk. He nourished his animals in accordance with certain formulæ drawn up for him by some medical students, and over their different stalls were inscribed not only their names, but the particular kind of food they were fed upon. Thus we read:

"Melie Morvanguliotte, fed upon carrots, for Madame M., suffering from disease of the liver.

"Jeanne la Rose, hay and mint, Mlle. A., chlorosis.

"Marie Noel, born at the stable, by Marius out of Jeanette, nourished upon iodurated hay, for the son of Monsieur R., poorness of blood."

THE PIPE COLORER.

The coloring of meerschaum pipes wholesale, by chemical means, has given the death-blow to a particular industry which used to thrive in Paris. While walking along the quays one was accustomed to meet a tribe of vagabonds strolling gravely up and down, smoking pipes of a value that seemed to belie their honest possession of them. One naturally asked oneself how it was that all these Parisian lazzaroni possessed such pipes, and managed to pass their entire time in smoking. It turned out that the pipes were not exactly their own, and that smoking was their trade. The way they went to work was this: They smoked a common pipe until it was well colored, and then exchanged it for an uncolored pipe of superior quality, which, after coloring, they exchanged in turn, and so they went on until the pipe-dealer felt himself warranted in entrusting them with pipes of some value in exchange for those they bought. These they would color at the rate of from half a franc to a franc each, according to size, payable half in cash and half in tobacco, at the wholesale price. Such adepts had they become, and so laboriously did they puff and blow, that, with the consumption of half a franc's worth of tobacco, they could produce one large or a couple of smaller masterpieces a day, which gave them a net profit of fifty centimes, thus expended by them:—

	Centimes.
An Arlequin (scraps of meat mixed with vegetables and other ingredients,)	10
A "canon (of some violet-colored liquid called wine,)	10
Bread, or a pound of potatoes in their skins,	10
A "goutte" of "casse-poitrine" (spirit seasoned with cayenne pepper,)	10
Lodging for the night on four-foot feathers (straw,)	10
	50

It would be difficult to reduce material life to more minute proportions than these; still the competition was brisk as long as the trade lasted. Science, however, gave a death-blow to it, and meerschaum pipes are now-a-days colored by a chemical process, which consists in soaking them in a decoction of tobacco after heating them. Pipes colored by this means are quite as much perfumed as by the old process, and are colored with greater regularity; above all, they are cleaner, which is a special recommendation.

A GENTLE WORD.

A gentle word is never lost;
Oh! never then refuse one;
It cheers the heart when sorrow-tost,
And lulls the cares that bruise one.
It scatters sunshine o'er our way,
It turns our thorns to roses;
It changes dreary night to day,
And hope and peace discloses.

A gentle word is never lost—
The fallen brothers need it;
How easy said, how small the cost,
What joy and comfort speed it!
Then drive the shadow from thy brow,
A smile can well replace it;
The voice is music when we speak
With gentle words to grace it.

☞ If two Venetian gondoliers quarrel they utter the most frightful menaces at a hundred paces distance; but the nearer they approach the quieter they are. When quite close, they pass each other murmuring slightly. But as soon as they have passed one another, they begin crescendo again, each abusing the other as long as his extremely-powerful lungs retain power.

The Romance of an Outlaw.

The Detroit papers have revived the story of Sue Mundy, the leader of an outlaw band in Kentucky during the closing years of the war. In brief, thus the story is now told: In the Spring of 1861, Sue Kiteradge, a lovely girl, just turned seventeen, returned from a boarding school and resumed her old life on her father's plantation in one of the rural districts of Kentucky. The adjoining plantation was owned by Mr. Mundy, an aged gentleman, whose wife and a grown son composed a happy family. One day the Union cavalry rode down on the plantations, plundered them, burned the houses, and wound up by shooting the parents, thus leaving young Mundy and Miss Kiteradge the saddest of orphans. Mutual sorrow bound their lives together. In time, the two orphans were separated, the youth being made a prisoner; and as he was fettered and carried off he raved, no name escaping his lips but "Sue." When asked his own name, he mournfully shook his head and simply replied, "Sue." On examining his linen, the name of Mundy was discovered, and in Federal camps the young man ever after was known as Sue Mundy. The Union commander paroled him and turned him loose. He returned to what was once his home, swore an oath of vengeance over the black ruins, and in company with Miss Kiteradge started for a neighboring camp of guerillas, where both were received with open arms. The young man was rapidly promoted to the command of the force, while the girl disguised herself, was known by the name of Kit, and rendered valuable service in the capacity of a spy. Two years of roving life told upon the health of the spy, and she was forced to seek other employment. Going farther South, she succeeded in securing a position on the staff of Gen. Claiborne. But we will conclude the story with the words of the Detroit Post:—

"This position she held, doing her duty like a man, until the battle of Atlanta, July 12th, 1864, in which Pat. Claiborne was killed. Returning to her youthful hero and his band, she again revelled in the carnival of blood, and though her evil spirit was willing the flesh was weak, and Kit was again transferred to duty at Andersonville. Prisoners who have shared the hospitality of that celebrated camp will perhaps remember a short, stout, and muscular young Lieutenant, with flashing black eyes, a face smooth as a maiden's, and cruel as though a fiend incarnate lurked within. This was Sue Kiteradge, the amiable young boarding-school miss, the cheerful companion, the once wealthy heiress, the beautiful maiden and firm friend of young Mundy, whose life to her was dearer than her own. Sue Mundy and a part of his band were captured and tried by a court martial. Kit was present during the whole trial, and used her greatest influence, but of no avail. Sue Mundy was convicted and hung at Louisville, Kentucky, in March, 1865. The flowing hair still hung about his shoulders, and when his youthful corpse was taken down and laid away in his narrow bed, the bleeding and broken heart of Sue Kiteradge was buried with it; and now, a wanderer on the face of the earth, homeless and friendless, she lives without hope of heaven or mercy, forsaken and dishonored, and cast away."

Certainly a strange story, but we beg leave to doubt the correctness of many of the incidents. And here we remark, *en passant*, General Claiborne was not killed before Atlanta, but at Franklin, Tennessee. And right gallantly did he meet his death. The writer of this article very modestly claims to know something of the career of Sue Mundy, for he first made him known to fame; or, perhaps, it would be better to say, first gave him newspaper notoriety. Notwithstanding war is full of danger and excitement, the pen is prone to exaggerate all the incidents of the fray. Thus we are told how a General rode in *front* of his brigade and valiantly led them to the assault; a thing that is impossible, for the volleys fired by his own soldiers would cut him down as the advancing reaper cuts down the golden grain. In almost every account of a battle we hear much of hand-to-hand fighting, of bayonet thrusts, and sabre strokes. This sounds very pretty on paper, but, unfortunately for the truth of army correspondents, it exists only in the imagination. Modern engines of war are so destructive that it is very rare for opposing lines to get nearer each other than one hundred yards. Rifles that throw balls a mile make the shot whistle otherwise than pleasantly about the ears when the distance is reduced to one hundred yards. Sabres in actual war are more ornamental than useful, and the same may be said of bayonets. If any one doubts this assertion, let him examine hospital reports, and perhaps he will be convinced, for wounds by sabre or bayonet are almost unknown. This fancy coloring seems to be one of the inspirations of war, and everything connected with a warlike age is painted in bright extravagant hues. A digression, we know, but still, we hope, an explanation. In the latter years of the war, Kentucky was overrun by lawless bands, and many were the deeds committed that would not bear the searching eyes of heaven. Death was held lightly, and almost every home was stained with the crimson flow of blood. There were bands in blue as well as bands in gray riding over the country for plunder, and with murder flashing from their eyes—bands without a commission from either Government. And the leader of one of these bands was the youth who passed into history as Sue Mundy. His smooth, girlish face, and long flowing hair made him a conspicuous mark, and gave color to the rumor that the dashing leader was a woman in male attire. The writer was then attached to the Louisville Journal, and, pandering to the morbid craving for sensation, he wrote the history of Sue Mundy. He described the leader of the outlaw band as a woman—a woman of rare beauty, her long raven hair flowing in the wind and beautifully contrasting with the drooping white feather in her hat—a woman inspired with reckless courage, riding fearlessly at the head of a set of desperate men; a woman delicately bred, but all afire with vengeance, sometimes as chivalric as brave, and at other times as cruel and unrelenting as Fate. In brief, her portrait was painted in the most garish colors, and in a very short time the name of Sue Mundy became known from one end of the land to the other. The article was copied far and wide, and numerous were the comments made by the Northern press on the dashing female guerilla. So well was the sensation story received, that for months the wild romance of Sue Mundy's life was kept up by articles written in the melo-dramatic vein.

Sue Mundy, in truth, was one of the most bloodthirsty wretches that ever rode at the head of an outlaw band. He plundered wantonly, killed without reason—no stroke ever being tempered by the spirit of mercy. He wore his hair long, and his face was boyish in the extreme, but malignant devils lurked in those black, piercing eyes. Bloodthirsty villain that he was, he was as fearless and courageous as the bulldog when set at bay. His career was a marvellous one. Hunted down like a wolf, for more than a year he remained the terror of the neighborhood, and escaped the clutches of those sent out to make him captive. The members of his band seemed to be inspired with the reckless daring of their chief.

It was a calm Sunday. We were sitting in the editorial room of the *Journal*, looking over a basket of exchanges, when the door was pushed open and a bronzed youth stood before us. Accepting the courtesy of a chair, he explained to us that Sue Mundy's band had just made a raid upon the outskirts of the city, right beneath the noses of the patrol. He saw the cut-throats approaching, hastily detached one of his horses from a wagon, and rode with the utmost speed into the heart of the city. He thought that if the commander would send out a small force, the retreat of the guerillas might be cut off, and the desperadoes captured. And then he asked many questions as to the disposition of the troops about the city—questions that an ignorant countryman would scarcely propose. We watched him narrowly, and began to doubt the truth of his story. Nevertheless, we agreed to accompany him to the office of the Provost Marshal. Passing out into the street, we observed Major White standing on the corner of Fourth and Jefferson. We quietly remarked: "We are fortunate. The Provost Marshal is talking with a gentleman on the corner. You remain here, and we will go and bring him to the office, and then you can tell him your story." The horse on which the youth pretended to have made his escape was quietly standing at the edge of the pavement. The first glance told us that it was an animal of blood, courage and speed. No saddle was strapped to the back, and the head was disfigured with an old blind bridle. The bronze-faced man at once assented, and he stopped to caress his horse, while we slowly approached Major White. Scarcely had we reached the end of the block, when we heard the clatter of hoofs, and quickly turning round, we discovered that our quondam friend was galloping away at full speed. The next day we received a note signed Sue Mundy, thanking us for the courtesy we had extended to one of his men. We simply mention the incident to show the daring nature of the outlaw band. At last, after desperate resistance, Sue Mundy was captured. He was speedily tried by court martial and condemned to be hung. On the day fixed for his execution, ten thousand people gathered around the gallows, but in the face of the crowd and the terrible, solemn hour, the outlaw was not abashed. We were surprised to see him meet death so complacently, and Artemus Ward, who stood with us near the gallows, in the hollow square formed by the guard, after witnessing the cap drawn over the cold, stoical face, in a burst of admiration of the bulldog courage, exclaimed: "The villain dies game!"

Sue Mundy was a desperado with no redeeming qualities of gentleness about him. He appeared to be soured against the world, and expecting no sympathy from human kind, the cry of suffering and sorrow fell unheeded on his ear. He was nothing more nor less than a bloodthirsty desperado. What made him so, we do not now care to stop and inquire. Doubtless there was cause, for the mother in one is only killed by some sudden, violent shock. But that the woman known in Detroit as Sue Kiteradge was the idol of his heart—the object of his wild, romantic love, we beg to doubt. We never heard her name before, and incline to the belief that she is the heroine of a sensation story.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

Home Life.

The other day I chanced to enter a friend's house. He did not know I was in the parlor, and I overheard his conversation. He was very harsh in his dealing with his child. He was "out of sorts" that morning. "The wind was east," and the east wind blew into his lungs, and into his soul, and soured his mind, and soured his heart, and so, like a base miscreant as he was, he vented his bad temper on his wife and children. It is a bad habit some men have.

This man was talking in a hard, unchristian manner—talking as no father should talk. He had lost his temper. He was saying what he would be sorry for in a few moments. And then the servant announced my presence. Mind you, the man would have said, he could not help it: "The boy teased me! He did what I cannot endure, and on the impulse of the moment, I spoke my anger. I could not control myself."

There was a frown on his face; but when I was announced, being more or less of a stranger, demanding of him certain courtesies, he at once smoothed his face as though nothing had happened—as though the sun was shining brightly in the heavens, and the wind was south, and not east. He came into the room where I was, and, in the most cordial and courteous way possible, gave me his hand, and smilingly bade me welcome.

He could not control himself, simply because he did not sufficiently appreciate his family; and because he thought that his home was a den in which he could roar with impunity, and not the great temple of God, where he should walk as priest and king.

And yet I, almost a stranger, was strong enough in my presence, to cause him at once to cool down into courtesy, into affability, into politeness!

I tell you, that many and many a man, and many and many a woman in this strange world of ours, in which many things seem to go wrong, will be gentle, and kind, and charitable, and full of smiles outside of their houses, with strangers, for whose opinion they do not care one jot, or one tittle, and in the house, where all the happiness of years depends upon their sweetness of soul, and where they are constantly shedding influences that will ripen into the good or bad life of a boy or girl, will yield to a pettishness and peevishness, unworthy of them as men and women, and wholly unworthy of them as Christians.—*Hepworth.*

☞ A pure blood Yankee likes two things clear through—a capacious and lofty shirt-collar, and a big jack-knife. He doesn't mind if his trowsers are a little short, but there must be no discount on shirt-collar and knife.

☞ He who defers his charities till his death is rather liberal of another man's goods than of his own.

THE LETTER.

My letter is finished; but how shall it end?
Shall I sign it just "Bertha M'Caul?"
It's so awkward to write to a gentleman friend—
And to Charley it's hardest of all.

Shall I say, "Yours respectfully?" Horrible! No.
That would be quite insulting, I'm sure.
Or "Cordially yours?" Or "Your friend So-and-So?"
These phrases I can not endure.

Well, "Sincerely your friend?" No, that isn't quite true.
Or "Yours to command?" That's too meek.
"Yours as ever?" Oh, shocking! *That* never would do—
We were strangers till Michaelmas week.

I have it! I've written quite fast (we'll suppose,)
"Yours in haste." Ah, that hardly sounds right.
He might take it in literal earnest—who knows?
Which would put me in *such* a poor light!

Dear me! How perplexing! There *is* an expression
That might tell—what he never must know—
And yet, though it almost would be a confession,
He never would fancy it so.

'Tis so common to use it. I've written it often,
But ne'er felt its meaning before.
He'll never suspect. (Ah, I see his eye soften
While scanning my note o'er and o'er.)

So I'll say it. Why not? What harm can it do?
'Tis written. And now for the sending—
"Yours truly"—I feel as if, somehow he knew—
Though it's really a commonplace ending.

THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

The coroner's inquest was held on Wednesday. Nothing could exceed the state of ferment that Coastdown was in: not altogether from the fact of the murder itself—for murder it was universally assumed to be, and *was*—but also from one or two strange adjuncts that surrounded it. The first of these was the prolonged and unaccountable absence of Cyril Thornycroft; the second arose from sundry rumors rife in the town. It was whispered on the Tuesday that two or three witnesses had been present when the deed was committed; that they had seen it done; and the names of these, scarcely breathed at first, but gathering strength as the day wore on, were at length spoken freely: Miss Thornycroft, Miss Chester, and Captain Copp's maid-servant, Sarah Ford.

Whether the reports arose, in the first place, in consequence of Sinnett's talking; whether Sarah Ford had spoken a hasty word on the Monday morning, in her surprise and shock at what she heard; or whether the fact had gone about through those strange instincts of suspicion that do sometimes arise in the most extraordinary manner, nobody can tell how or whence, was not yet known. But the rumors reached the ear of the summoning officer, and at ten o'clock on the Tuesday night that functionary delivered his mandate—one at the Red Court Farm, two at Captain Copp's, for these witnesses to attend the inquest. Speaking afterwards at the Mermaid of what he had done, the excitement knew no bounds.

Speculation was rife in regard to the most strange absence of Cyril Thornycroft. But not quite at first—not in fact, until the Wednesday morning—was an unpleasant feeling connected with it. It might have been in men's minds—who could say it had not?—but on the Wednesday it began to be spoken. Was Cyril the guilty man? Had *he*, in a scuffle or else, fired the shot that killed Hunter?

The taint was carried in a whisper to the Red Court Farm. It staggered Mr. Thornycroft; it drove Isaac speechless; but Richard, in his usual fashion, went into a white heat of indignation. Cyril, who was one of the best men on the face of the earth!—who lived, as everybody knew, a gentle and blameless life, striving to follow, so far as might be, the example his Master set when He came on earth!—who would not hurt a fly, who was ever seeking to soothe others battling with the world's troubles, and help them on the road to Heaven!—*he* kill Robert Hunter! Richard's emotion overwhelmed him, and his lips turned white as he spoke it.

All very true: if ever a man strove to walk near to God, it was certainly Cyril Thornycroft; and Richard's hearers acknowledged it. But—and they did not say—good men had been overtaken by temptation, by crime, before now; and, after all, this might have been a pure accident. If Cyril Thornycroft were innocent, argued Coastdown, why did he run away? Of course, his prolonged absence, if voluntary, was the great proof against him: even unprejudiced people admitted that. Mr. Thornycroft and his sons had another theory, and were not uneasy. It was not convenient to speak of it to the world; but they fully believed Cyril would return home in a week or two, safe and sound; and they also one and all, implicitly believed that he was not only guiltless of the death of Robert Hunter, but ignorant of its having taken place. The fact of his having no money with him went for nothing—it has been mentioned that his purse was left in his room,—if Cyril had gone where they suspected, he could have what money he pleased for the asking.

In this state of excitement and uncertainty, Wednesday morning dawned. As the hour for the coroner's inquest drew near, all the world assembled round the Mermaid; to see the coroner and jury go in would be something. Captain Copp stamped about in a condition of wrath that promised momentary explosion, arising from the fact that his "woman-kind" should be subpœnaed to give evidence on a land murder. What they might have to say about it, or what they had not to say, the captain was unable to get at; his questioning had been in vain: Sarah was silent and sullen; Anna Chester white and shivering, as if some great blow had fallen on her; and this unsatisfactory state of things did not tend to increase the captain's equanimity. He had been originally summoned to serve on the inquest, but when the officer came to the house at ten on Tuesday night, he told him he had perhaps better not serve. All this was as bitter as aloes to the merchant captain.

The inquest took place in the club-room of the Mermaid, the coroner taking his seat at the head of its long table covered with green baize, while the jury ranged themselves round it. Justice Thornycroft was seated at the right hand of the coroner. They had viewed the body, which lay in an adjoining room, just as it had been brought up.

The first witness called was Mr. Supervisor Kyne, he having been the first to discover the calamity. With break of day on the Monday morning he went on the plateau. Happening to look over as far as he could stretch, he saw what he thought to be Mr. Hunter asleep: the face was hidden from him as he stood above, but he knew him by his coat. Going round to the Half-moon beach, having been joined on his way by one or two fishermen, they discovered that the poor gentleman was not asleep but dead: in fact that he had been killed, and in a most frightful manner.

The surgeon who had been called to examine the body spoke next. The cause of death was a shot, he said. The bullet had entered the face, gone through the brain, and passed out at the crown of the head. Death must have been instantaneous, he thought; and the face had also been very much defaced by the jagged points of the rock in falling. In answer to the coroner, the surgeon said he should think it had been many hours dead when he was called to see it at half-past seven in the morning: nine or ten at least.

The next witness was Mr. Thornycroft, who stood up to give his evidence. He spoke to the fact of the young man's having been his guest for a short while at the Red Court; that he had intended to leave on the Sunday night by the half-past eight omnibus for Jutpoint, to catch the train, but had missed it. He then said he would walk it, wished them good-by, and left with that intention. He knew no more.

Mr. Thornycroft sat down again, and Richard was called. He confirmed his father's evidence, and gave some in addition. On the Sunday night he quitted the dining-room soon after the deceased, and went outside for a stroll. There he saw Hunter who appeared to have been on the plateau. They stood together a few moments talking, and just as they were parting Cyril came up. He, Cyril, said he would walk a little way with Hunter, and they turned away together.

"To walk to Jutpoint?" interposed the coroner.

"Yes: speaking of Hunter. Of course I supposed my brother would turn back almost immediately."

"Were they upon angry terms one with the other?"

"Certainly not."

"And you never saw either of them afterwards?"

"No," replied Richard, in a low tone—which the room set down to uneasiness on the score of Cyril's absence. "I went indoors then."

"You are sure that the deceased was then starting, positively starting, on his walk to Jutpoint?"

"I am quite certain. There is no doubt of it whatever."

"What, then, caused him to come back again?"

"I am quite unable to conjecture. It is to me one of the strangest points connected with this strange business."

Cause, indeed, had Richard Thornycroft to say so! He, of all others, he alone, knew of the oath taken by Hunter *not* to come back; of the danger Hunter knew he would run in attempting it. To the very end of Richard's life—as it seemed to him now—would the thing be a mystery to his mind: unless Cyril should be able to throw light upon it.

Richard Thornycroft had no further testimony to offer, and Isaac was next examined. He could say no more than his father had said; not having seen Hunter at all since the latter quitted the dining-room. Of the subsequent events of the night, he said he knew personally nothing; he was not out of doors.

The fisherman, East, next appeared, and testified to having seen Cyril Thornycroft and Mr. Hunter together, as before stated.

"Were you looking out for them?" asked a sapient juryman.

"Looking out for 'em?" repeated East. "Lawk love ye, I warn't a-looking out for nobody. I'd not have noticed 'em, maybe, but for Mr. Hunter's white coat that he'd got buttoned on him. One couldn't be off seeing *that*."

"Call Cyril Thornycroft," said the coroner.

The calling of Cyril Thornycroft was a mere form, as the coroner was aware. He had learnt all the unpleasant rumors and suspicions attached to Cyril's absence; had no doubt formed his own opinion on the point. But he was careful not to avow that opinion; perhaps also not to press for any evidence that might tend to confirm it, out of regard to his old friend, Justice Thornycroft.

"Have you any suggestion to offer as to your son's absence?" he asked, in a considerate tone of the magistrate.

Mr. Thornycroft stood up to answer. His countenance was clear and open, his fine upright form raised to its full height: evidently he attached no suspicion to his son's non-return.

"I think it will be found that he has only gone to see some friends who live at a distance—and that a few days will bring him home again. My reasons for this belief are good, though I would rather not state them publicly; they are conclusive to my own mind, and to the minds of my two elder sons. And I beg to say that I affirm this in all honor, as a magistrate and a gentleman."

Again the coroner paused.

"Do you consider, Mr. Thornycroft, that your son premeditated this visit?"

"No; or he would have spoken of it. I think that circumstances must have caused him to depart on it suddenly."

Mr. Thornycroft was thinking of one class of "circumstances," the coroner and jury of another. *They* could only connect any circumstances, causing sudden departure, with the tragedy of the night, with a sense of guilt. Mr. Thornycroft knew of another outlet.

"Is it usual for him to leave his watch and purse on the drawers, sir?" asked a juror.

"It is not unusual. He does so sometimes when changing his coat and waistcoat for dinner: not intentionally, but from forgetfulness. He is absent-minded at the best of times: not at all practical as his brothers are."

"But what would he do without money on a journey?" persisted the gentleman.

Mr. Thornycroft paused for a moment, considering his answer. It was exceedingly unfortunate that he could not speak out freely: Cyril's reputation had suffered less.

"The fact of his having left his purse at home, does not prove he has no money with him," said the justice. "In fact, I believe he keeps his porte-monnaie in his pocket from habit more than anything else, and carries his money loose. Most men, so far as I know, like to do so. I examined the porte-monnaie this morning, and found it empty."

There was a slight laugh at this, hushed immediately. Mr. Thornycroft, finding nothing further was asked him, sat down again.

"Call Sarah Ford," said the coroner.

Sarah Ford came in, and Captain Copp, who made one of the few spectators, struck his wooden leg irascibly on the floor of the room: a respectable, intelligent-looking woman, quietly attired in a straw bonnet, a brown shawl with flowered border, with a white handkerchief in her gloved hands. She did not appear to be in the least put out at having to appear before the coroner and jury, and gave her evidence with the most perfect independence.

The coroner looked at his notes; not of the evidence already given, which his clerk was taking down, but of some he had brought to refresh his memory.

"Do you recollect last Sunday evening, witness?" he asked, when a few preliminary questions had been gone through.

"What should hinder me?" returned the witness, ever ready with her tongue. "It's not so long ago."

"Where did you go to that evening?"

"I went nowhere but to Justice Thornycroft's."

"For what purpose did you go there?"

"To fetch Miss Chester. She was to have been sent for at eight o'clock, but master and mistress forgot it. When it was on the stroke of nine they told me to go for her."

"Which you did?"

"Which I did, without stopping to put anything on."

"Did you meet anybody as you went?"

"Yes; nearly close to Red Court gates I met Mr. Hunter and young Cyril Thornycroft."

"Walking together towards the village?" interposed the coroner.

"Walking on that way. Mr. Hunter was buttoning himself up tight in that blessed fine coat of his."

"Did they seem angry with each other?"

"No, sir; they were talking pleasantly. Mr. Cyril was saying to the other that if he stepped out he would be at Jutpoint by half-past ten. That was before they came close, but the air was clear and brought out the sound of their voices."

"Did they speak to you?"

"I spoke to them. I asked Mr. Hunter if he had lost the omnibus, for, you must understand, Miss Chester had said in the afternoon that he was going by it, and he said 'Yes, he had, and had to walk it.' So I wished him a good journey."

"Was that all?"

"All that he said. Mr. Cyril asked me was I going to the Court, and I said 'Yes, I was, to fetch Miss Chester,' and that 'master was in a tantrum at its being so late.' (An irascible word from Captain Copp.) With that they went their way and I went mine."

"After that, you reached the Red Court?"

"Of course I reached it."

"Well, what happened there? Relate it in full."

"Nothing in particular happened that I know of, except that the servants gave me some mulled wine."

"While you were waiting?"

"Yes, while I was waiting; and a fine time Miss Chester kept me, although I told her about the anger at home. She—"

"Stay a moment, witness. How long do you think it was?"

"A quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Quite that."

"And now go on. We know the details, witness," added the coroner, significantly. "I tell you this, that you may relate them without being questioned at every sentence; it will save time."

Sarah looked at him. That he was speaking the truth was self-evident; and she prepared to tell her story consecutively, without any suppression. The coroner was impatient.

"Speak up, witness. Miss Thornycroft went out with you. What induced her to go?"

"I suppose it was a freak she took," replied the witness. "When they said Miss Chester was ready I went into the hall, and Miss Thornycroft, in a sort of joke (I didn't think she meant it) said she would come out with her. Miss Chester asked her how she would get back again, and she answered, laughing, that she'd run back, to be sure, nobody was about to see her. Well, she put on her garden-bonnet, which hung there, and a shawl, and we came away, all three of us. In going out at the gates they both turned on the waste land, towards the plateau. I saw 'em stop and stare up on it, as if they saw something; and I wished they'd just stare at our way home instead, for I was not over warm, lagging there. Presently one of them said to me—for I had followed—'Sarah, do look, is not that Robert Hunter walking about there?' 'My eyes is too chilled to see so far, young ladies,' says I; 'what should bring Robert Hunter there, when I met him as I came along, speeding on his journey to Jutpoint?' 'I can see that it *is* Robert Hunter,' returned Miss Thornycroft; 'I can see him quite distinct on that high ground against the sky.' And with that they told me to wait there, and they'd just run up and frighten him. Precious cross I was, and I took off my black stuff apron and threw it over my head, shawl fashion, thinking what a fool I was to come out on a cold frosty night without—"

"Confine yourself to the evidence," sternly interrupted the coroner.

"Well," proceeded Sarah who remained as cool and equable before the coroner and jury as she would have been in her own kitchen, "I doubled my apron over my head, and down I sat on that red stone which rises out of the ground there like a low milestone. In a minute or two somebody comes running on to the plateau, as if following the young ladies—"

"From what direction, witness?"

"I think from that of the Red Court Farm. It might have been from that of the village, but I think it was the other; I am not sure either way. You see, I had got my apron right over me, and my head bent down on my knees, afeard of catching the face-ache, and I never heard anything till he was on the plateau. When I saw him he was near the Round Tower, going straight up to it, as it were; so he might have come from either way."

"Did you recognize him?"

"No; I didn't try to. I saw it was a man, through the slit I had left in my apron. He was going fast, but stealthily, hardly letting his shoes touch the ground, as if he was up to no good. And I was not sorry to see him go there, for thinks I, he'll hurry back my young ladies."

"Witness—pay attention—were there no signs by which you could recognise that man? How was he dressed? As a gentleman?—as a sailor?—as a—"

"As a gentleman, for all I saw to the contrary," replied the witness, unceremoniously interrupting the coroner's question. "If I had known he was going on to the plateau to murder Mr. Hunter, you may be sure I'd have looked at him sharp enough."

"For all you saw to the contrary," repeated the coroner, taking up the words; "what do you mean by that?"

"Well, what I mean is, I suppose, that he might have been a gentleman or he might not. The fact is, I never noticed his dress at all. I think the clothes were dark, and I think he had leggings on—which are worn by common people and gentleman alike down here. The stars was rather under a cloud at the time, and so was my temper."

"Honestly acknowledged," said the coroner. "What sized man was he?—tall or short?"

"Very tall."

"Taller than—Mr. Cyril Thornycroft, for instance?"

"A great deal taller."

"You are sure of this?"

"I am sure and certain. Why else should I say so?"

"Go on with your evidence."

"A minute or so afterwards, as I sat with my back to the plateau and my head in my lap, I heard a gun go off behind me."

"Did that startle you?" asked an interrupting juryman.

"No, I am not nervous. If I had known it was let off on the plateau it might have startled me, on account of the young ladies being there; but I thought it was only from some passing vessel."

"It is singular you should have thought so lightly of it. It is not common to hear a gun fired on a Sunday night."

"You'd find it common enough if you lived here, sir. What with rabbit and other game shooters, and signals from boats, it is nothing in this neighborhood to hear a gun go off, and it's what nobody pays any attention to."

"Therefore you did not?"

"Therefore I did not. And the apron I had got muffled over my ears made the sound appear further off than it really was. But close upon the noise came an awful cry; and that was followed by a shrill scream, as if from a woman. That startled me, if you like, and I jumped up, and threw off my apron, and looked on to the plateau. I could not see anything; neither the man nor the young ladies; so I thought it time to go and search after them. I had got nearly up to the Round Tower, that ruined wall, breast high, which is on the plateau—"

"You need not explain," said the coroner, "we know the place."

"When a man darted out from the shade of it," continued the witness. "He cut across to the side of the plateau next the village, and disappeared down that dangerous steep path in the cliffs, which nobody afore, I guess, ever ventured down but in broad daylight."

"Was it the same man you saw just before running on to the plateau?"

"Of course it was."

"By what marks did you know him again?"

"By no marks at all. I should not know the man from Adam. My own senses told me it was the same, because there was no other man on the plateau."

"Your own senses will not do to speak from. Remember, witness, you are on your oath."

"Whether I am on my oath or off it, I should speak the truth," was the response of the imperturbable witness.

"What next?"

"I stood looking at the man; that is, at where he had disappeared; expecting he was pitching down head foremost and getting half killed, at the pace he was going, when Miss Thornycroft laid hold of me, shaking and crying, almost beside herself with terror. Then I found that Miss Chester had fainted away, and was lying like one dead on the frosty grass inside the Round Tower."

"What account did they give of this?"

"They gave none to me. Miss Chester, when she came to herself, was too much shook to do it, and Miss Thornycroft was no better. I thought they had been startled by the man; I never thought worse; and I did not hear of the murder till the next morning. They told me not to say anything about it at home, or it would be known they had been on the plateau. So Miss Thornycroft ran back to the Red Court, and I went home with Miss Chester."

"What else do you know about the matter?"

"I don't know any more myself. I have heard plenty."

The witness's "hearing" was dispensed with, and Captain Copp was requested to stand up and answer a question. The captain's face, as he listened to the foregoing evidence, was something ludicrous to look upon.

"What account did Miss Chester and your servant give you of this transaction?" demanded the coroner.

"What account did they give me?" spluttered Captain Copp, to whom the question sounded as the most intense aggravation. "They gave me none. This is the first time my ears have heard it. I wish I had been behind them with a cat-o'-nine-tails"—shaking his stick in a menacing manner—"I'd have taught them to go gampusing on to the plateau, at night, after sweethearts! I'll send my niece back to whence she came; her father was a clergyman, Mr. Coroner, a rector of a parish. And that vile bumboat-woman, Sarah, with her apron over her head, shall file out of my quarters this day; a she-pirate, a—"

The coroner interposed. But what with Captain Copp's irascibility and his real ignorance of the whole transaction, nothing satisfactory could be obtained from him, and the next witness called was Miss Chester. A lady-like, interesting girl, thought those of the spectators who had not previously seen her. She gave her evidence in a sad, low tone, trembling the whole of the time with inward terror. To a sensitive mind, as hers was, the very fact of having to give her name as Anna Chester when it was Anna Thornycroft, would have been enough alarm. But there was worse than that.

Her account of their going on to the plateau was the same as Sarah's. It was "done on the impulse of the moment," to "frighten," or "speak to," Robert Hunter, who was at its edge. (A groan from Captain Copp.) That they halted for a moment at the Round Tower, and then found that a man was following them on to the plateau, so they ran inside to hide themselves.

"Who was that man?" asked the coroner.

"I don't know," was the faint reply. "I am near-sighted."

"Did you look at him?"

"We peeped out, round the wall. At least, Miss Thornycroft did. I only looked for a moment."

"Proceed, witness, if you please."

"He had come quite close when I looked, and—then—"

"Then what?" said the coroner, looking searchingly at the witness, who seemed unable to continue. "You must speak up, young lady."

"Then I saw him with a pistol—and he fired it off—and I was so terrified that I fainted, and remembered no more. It all passed in a moment."

"A good thing if he had shot off your two figure-heads!" burst forth Captain Copp, who was immediately silenced.

"Was he tall or short, this man?"

"Tall."

"Did you know him?" proceeded the coroner.

"Oh no, no," was Anna's answer, putting up her hands, as if to ward off the approach of some terror, and she burst into a fit of hysterical crying.

She was conducted from the room. Isaac Thornycroft advanced to give her his arm, but she turned from him and took that of the doctor, who was standing by. An impression was left on the mind of one or two of the listeners that Miss Chester could have told more.

With the subsiding of the hubbub, the coroner resumed his business.

"Call Mary Anne Thornycroft."

Miss Thornycroft appeared, led in by her brother Richard. She wore a rich black silk dress, a velvet mantle, and small bonnet with blue flowers. Her face was of a deadly white, her lips were compressed; but she delivered her evidence with composure (unlike Miss Chester) in a low, deliberate, thoughtful tone. Her account of their going on to the plateau, and running inside the Round Tower at the approach of some man, who appeared to be following them, was the same as that given by the last witness. The coroner inquired if she had recognized Robert Hunter.

"Yes," was the reply. "I saw the outline of his face and figure distinctly, and knew him. I recognized him first by the coat he had on; it was quite conspicuous in the starlight. He was standing on the brink, apparently looking out over the sea."

"That was before you saw the man who came running on to the plateau?"

"Yes."

"Who was that man?"

Mary Anne Thornycroft laid her hand upon her heart, as if pressing down its emotion, before she answered.

"I cannot tell."

"Did you not know him?"

"No."

"Upon your oath?"

Miss Thornycroft again pressed her hands, both hands, upon her bosom, and a convulsive twitching was perceptible in her throat; but she replied, in a low tone, "Upon my oath."

"Then, he was a stranger?"

She bowed her rigid face in reply, for the white strained lips refused to answer. Motions are no answers for coroners, and this one spoke again.

"I ask you whether he was a stranger?"

"Yes."

"From what direction did he come?"

"I do not know. He was near the Round Tower before I saw him."

"You saw him draw the pistol and fire?"

"Yes."

"Now, young lady, I am going to ask you a painful question, but the ends of justice demand that you should answer it. Was that man your brother, Cyril Thornycroft?"

"No," she answered, in the sharp tone of earnest truth, "I swear it was not—I swear it before Heaven. The man bore no resemblance whatever to my brother Cyril; he was at least a head taller."

"Did he aim at Robert Hunter?"

"I cannot say. Robert Hunter was standing with his face towards us then, and I saw him fall back, over the precipice."

"With a yell, did he not?"

"Yes, with a yell."

"What then?"

"I cannot tell what. I believe I shrieked—I cannot remember. I next saw the man running away across the plateau."

"The witness Sarah Ford's evidence would seem to say that he lingered a few moments after firing the pistol—before escaping," interposed the coroner.

"It is possible. I was too terrified to retain a clear recollection of what passed. I remember seeing him run away, and then Sarah Ford came up."

"Should you recognize that man again?"

Miss Thornycroft hesitated. The room waited in breathless silence for her answer. "I believe not," she said; "it was only starlight. I am sure not."

At this moment, an inquisitive juryman spoke up. He wished to know how it was that Miss Thornycroft and the other young lady had never mentioned these facts until to-day, when they had been drawn from them, as it were, by their oath.

"Because," Miss Thornycroft replied, with, if possible, a deeper shade of paleness arising to her face—"because they did not care that their foolish freak of going on to the plateau should come to the knowledge of their friends."

"Glad they have some sense of shame left in them," cried Captain Copp.

The inquisitive juryman was not quite satisfied. He asked to have the maid-servant recalled; and, when she appeared, he put the same question to her. "Why had *she* not told of it?"

Why didn't she tell! was the independent retort. Did the gentlemen think she was going to bleat out to the world what the young ladies had seen, when they did not choose to tell of it themselves, and so bring 'em here to be browbeat and questioned, as they had all been this day? Not she. She

was only sorry other folks had ferreted it out, and told.

Very little evidence was forthcoming, none of consequence to the general reader. Supervisor Kyne volunteered a statement about smuggling, which nobody understood, and Justice Thornycroft at once threw ridicule upon. The coroner cut it short, and proceeded to charge the jury. Primarily remarking that, if the evidence was to be believed, Cyril Thornycroft must be held exempt from the suspicion whispered against him, he went on: If they thought a wicked, deliberate act of murder had been committed, they were to bring in a verdict to that effect; and if they thought it had not, they were not to bring it in so. Grateful for this luminous advice, the jury proceeded to deliberate—that is, they put their heads together, and spoke for some minutes in an under-tone; and then intimated that they had agreed upon their verdict.

"Wilful murder by some person or persons unknown."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ROBERT HUNTER'S FUNERAL.

Filing out of the room in groups, came the crowd who had filled it. The day had changed. The brightness of the morning was replaced by a wintry afternoon of gray sky; the air blew keen; snow began to fall. The eager spectators put up their umbrellas, if they happened to possess any, and stood to talk in excited whispers.

Crossing to the waste land, the roundabout road she chose to take on her way home, was Anna Chester. Sarah had gone striding up the nearest way; Captain Copp had been lain hold of by Supervisor Kyne, whose grievance on the score of the smugglers was sore; and Anna was alone. Her veil drawn over her white face, her eyes wearing a depth of trouble never yet seen in their sweetness, went she, looking neither to the right nor left, until she was overtaken by Miss Thornycroft.

"Anna!"

"Mary Anne!"

For a full minute they stood, looking into each other's faces of fear and pain. And then the latter spoke, a rising sob of emotion catching her breath.

"Thank you for what you have done this day, Anna! I was in doubt before; I did not know how much you had seen that night; whether you had not mercifully been spared all by the fainting fit. But now that you have given your evidence, I see how much I have to thank you for. Thank you truly. We have both forsworn ourselves; you less than I; but surely Heaven will forgive us in such a cause."

"Let us never speak of it again," murmured Anna. "I don't think I can bear it."

"Just a word first—to set my mind at rest," returned Miss Thornycroft, as she stood grasping Anna's hand in hers. "How much did you see? Did you see the pistol fired?"

"I saw only that. It was at the moment I looked out round the wall. The flash drove me back again. That and the cry that broke from Robert Hunter: upon which I fainted for the first time in my life."

"And you—you recognized him—him who fired the pistol?" whispered Miss Thornycroft, glancing cautiously round as the words issued from her bloodless lips.

"Yes, I fear so."

It was quite enough. Qualified though the avowal was, Mary Anne saw that she could have spoken decisively. The two unhappy girls, burdened with their miserable secret, looked into each other's faces that sickness and terror had rendered white. Anna, as if in desperation to have her fears confirmed where no confirmation was needed, broke the silence.

"It—was—your—brother."

"Yes."

"Isaac."

Miss Thornycroft opened her lips to speak, and closed them again. She turned her head away.

"You will not betray him—and us, Anna? You will ever be cautious—silent?"

"I will be cautious and silent always; I will guard the secret jealously."

A sharp pressure of the hand in ratification of the bargain, and they parted, Anna going on her solitary way.

"Will I guard the secret! Heaven alone knows how much heavier lies the obligation on me to do so than on others," wailed Anna. "May God help me to bear it!"

Quick steps behind her, and she turned, for they had a ring that she knew too well. Pressing onwards through the flakes of snow came Isaac Thornycroft. Anna set off to run; it was in the lonely spot by the churchyard.

"Anna! Anna! Don't you know me?"

Not a word of answer. She only ran the faster—as if she could hope to outstep him! Isaac, with his long, fleet strides, overtook her with ease, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

Like a stag brought to bay, she turned upon him, with her terror-stricken face, more ghastly, more trembling than it had yet been; and by a dexterous movement freed herself.

"Why, Anna, what is the matter? Why do you run from me?"

"There's my uncle," she panted. "Don't speak to me—don't come after me."

And sure enough, as Isaac turned, he distinguished Captain Copp at a distance. Anna had set off to run again like a wild hare, and was half-way across the heath. Isaac turned slowly back, passed the captain with a nod, and went on, wondering. What had come to Anna? Why did she fly from him?

He might have wondered still more had he been near her in her flight. Groans of pain were breaking from her; soft, low moans of anguish; sighs, and horribly perplexing thoughts; driving her to a state of utter despair.

For, according to the testimony of her own eyes that ill-fated night, Anna, you see, believed the murderer to be her husband. Miss Thornycroft had now confirmed it. And, not to keep you in more suspense than can be helped, we must return to that night for a few brief moments.

When Richard Thornycroft darted into the subterranean passage with the intention of warning his brother Isaac, before he reached its end the question naturally occurred to him, *Why* stop the boats, now Hunter is off? and he turned back again. So much has been already said. But halfway down the passage he again vacillated—a most uncommon thing in Richard Thornycroft, but the episode with Hunter had well nigh scared his senses away. Turning about again, he retraced his steps, and called to Isaac.

A private conference ensued. Richard told all without reserve, down to the point where he had watched Hunter away, under the surveillance of Cyril.

"Will it be better to stop the boats or not?" he asked.

"There is not the slightest cause for stopping them, that I see," returned Isaac, who had listened attentively. "Certainly not. Hunter is gone; and if he were not, I do not think, by what you say, that he would attempt to interfere further: he'd rather turn his back a mile the other way."

"Let them come on, then," decided Richard.

"They are already, I expect, putting off from the ship."

Isaac Thornycroft remained at his work; Richard went back again up the passage. Not quickly; some latent doubt, whence arising he could not see or trace, lingered on his mind still—his better angel perhaps urging him from the road he was going. Certain it was: he remembered it afterwards even more vividly than he felt it then: that a strong inclination lay upon him to stop the work for that night. But it appeared not to hold reason, and was disregarded.

He emerged from the subterranean passage, lightly shut the trap-door—which could be opened from the inside at will, when not fastened down—and took his way to the plateau to watch against intruders. This would bring it to about the time that the two young ladies had gone there, and Sarah, her apron over her head, had taken her place on the low, red stone. In her evidence the woman had said it might be a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes since she met Robert Hunter starting on his journey; it had taken Richard about that time to do since what he had done; and it might have taken Robert Hunter about the same space (or rather less) to walk quickly to the wherry, *and come back again*. And come back again! Richard Thornycroft could have staked his life, had the question occurred to him, that Hunter would not come back; he never supposed any living man, calling himself a gentleman, could be guilty of so great treachery. But the doubt never presented itself to him for a moment.

What then was his astonishment, as he ran swiftly and stealthily (escaping the sight of Sarah Ford, owing, no doubt, to her crouching posture on the stone, and the black apron on her head) up the plateau, to see Robert Hunter? He was at its edge, at the corner farthest from the village; was looking out steadily over the sea, as if watching for the boats and their prey. Richard verily thought he must be in a dream; he stood still and strained his eyes, wondering if they deceived him; and then as ugly a word broke from him as ever escaped the lips of man.

Thunderstruck with indignation, with dismay, half mad at the fellow's despicable conduct, believing that if any in the world ever merited shooting, he did; nay, believing that the fool must court death to be there after his, Richard's, warning promise; overpowered with fury, with passion, Richard Thornycroft stood in the shade of the Round Tower, his eyes glaring, his white teeth showing themselves from between the drawn lips. At that same moment Robert Hunter, after stooping to look over the precipice, turned round; the ugly fur on the breast of his coat very conspicuous. May Richard Thornycroft be forgiven! With a second hissing oath, he drew the pistol from his breast-pocket, pointed it with his unerring hand, and fired; and the ill-fated man fell over the cliff with a yelling cry. Another shriek, more shrill, arose at Richard's elbow from the shade of the Round Tower.

"Some cursed sea-bird," he muttered. "*He* has got his deserts. I would be served so myself, if I could thus have turned traitor!"

But what was it seized Richard's arm? Not a sea-bird. It was his sister Mary Anne.

"*You* here!" he cried, with increased passion. "What the fury!—have you all turned mad to-night?"

"You have murdered him!" she cried, in a dread whisper—for how could she know that Anna Chester had fallen senseless and could not hear her?—"you have murdered Robert Hunter!"

"I have," he answered. "He is dead, and more than dead. If the shot did not take effect, the fall would kill him."

"Oh, Richard, say it was an accident!" she moaned, very nearly bereft of reason in her shock of horror. "What madness came over you?"

"He earned it of his own accord; earned it deliberately. I held my pistol to his head before, this night, and I spared him. I had him on his knees to me, and he took an oath to be away from this place instantly, and to be silent. I told him if he broke it, if he lingered here but for a moment, I would put the bullet into him. I saw him off; I sent Cyril with him to speed him on his road; and—see!—the fool came back again. I was right to do it."

"I will denounce you!" she fiercely uttered, anger getting the better of other feelings. "Ay, though you are my brother, Richard Thornycroft! I will raise the hue and cry upon you."

"You had better think twice of that," he answered, shaking her arm in his passion. "If you do, you must raise it against your father and your father's house!"

"What do you mean?" she asked, quailing, for there was a savage earnestness in his words which told of startling truth.

"Girl! see you no mystery? Can't you fathom it? You would have aided Hunter in discovering the smugglers: see you not that *we* are the smugglers? We are running a cargo now—now"—and his voice rose to a hoarse shriek as he pointed to the Half-moon, "and he would have turned Judas to us! He was on the watch there, on the plateau's edge, doing traitor's work for Kyne."

"He did not know it was you he would have denounced," she faintly urged, gathering in the sense of his revelation to her sinking heart.

"He did know it. The knowledge came to him to-night. He was abject enough before me, the coward, and swore he would be silent, and be gone from hence there and then. But his traitor's nature prevailed, and he has got his deserts. Now go and raise the hue and cry upon us! Bring your father to a felon's bar."

Mary Anne Thornycroft, with a despairing cry, sank down on the grass at her brother's feet. He was about to raise her, rudely enough it must be confessed, rather than tenderly, when his eye caught the form of some one advancing; he darted off at right angles across the plateau, and descended recklessly the dangerous path.

The intruder was Sarah. Miss Thornycroft, passing off her own emotion as the effect of fear at the shot, though scarcely knowing how she contrived not to betray herself, remembered Anna. She lay within the walls in a fainting-fit. Only as they went in was consciousness beginning to return to her. It must be mentioned that at this stage Sarah did not know any one had been killed.

"Who was the man?" asked Sarah of Miss Thornycroft.

"Did you see him?" was the only answer.

"Not to know him, miss; only at a distance. A regular fool he must be to fire off guns at night, to frighten folks! Was it a stranger?"

"Yes." Mary Anne wiped the dew from her cold brow as she told the lie.

They took their departure, Sarah promising not to say they had been on the plateau—to hold her tongue, in short, as to the events of the night, shot and all. But a chance passer-by who had heard the report, saw them descend. It might have been through him the news got wind.

Mary Anne Thornycroft went in. Sounds of laughter and glee proceeded from the dining-room as she passed it, and she dragged her shaking limbs upstairs to her chamber, and shut herself in with her dreadful secret. Anna Chester with *her* secret turned to the heath, even more dreadful; for in the momentary glimpse she caught of the man who drew the pistol, as he stood partly with his back to her, she had recognized, as she fully believed, her husband Isaac. Had the impression wanted confirmation in her mind—which it did not—the tacit admission of his sister, now alluded to, supplied it. Miss Thornycroft had opened her lips to correct her, "not Isaac, but Richard;" and closed them again without saying it. Thought is quick; and a dim idea flew through her brain, that to divert suspicion from Richard might add to his safety. It was not *her* place to denounce him; nay, her duty lay in screening him. Terribly though she detested and deplored the crime, she was still his sister.

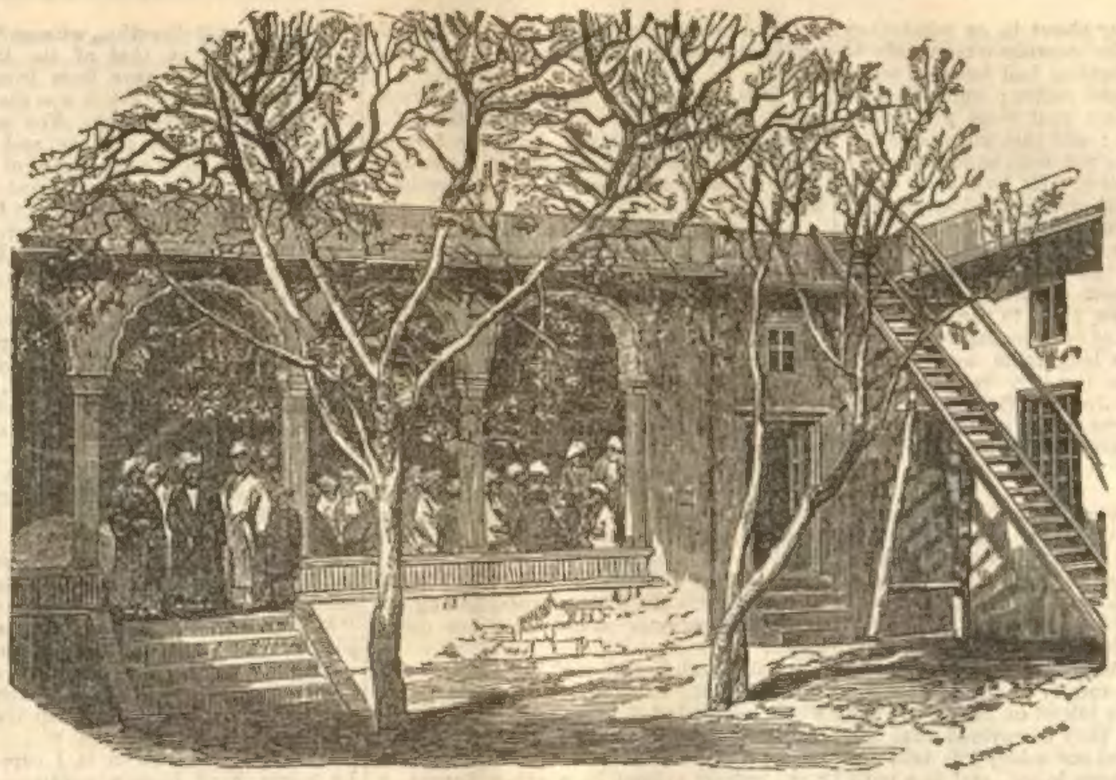
And the poor dead body had lain unseen where it fell, in the remote corner of the plateau. The smugglers ran their cargo, passing within a few yards of the dark angle where it lay, and never saw it.

The funeral took place on the Friday, and Robert Hunter was buried within sight of the place from whence he had been shot down. Any one standing on that ill-fated spot could see the grave in the churchyard corner, close by the tomb of the late Mrs. Thornycroft. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ THE FIRST THROUGH TRAIN.—A despatch from St. Louis, May 17th, says: "The first through passenger train from Sacramento, with about 500 passengers, arrived at Omaha yesterday. The travel west from Omaha is very large."

☞ The Empress Eugenia has taken to wearing plain and inexpensive clothes—for political effect, her enemies say. Whatever her reasons, we hope our ladies will imitate her.

☞ More horses are lamed from bad shoeing, than from all other causes together.



CHURCH MISSIONARY SCHOOL, PESHAWUR, INDIA.

This engraving represents the school premises of the Mission of one of the English societies at Peshawur. If our young readers will look on a map of Asia, across the Indus in the north of Hindostan, they will see the position of this city. It lies in a vast region, where hitherto there has not been much opportunity for the efforts of the Christian missionary.

The population of the city of Peshawur, where the English Church Missionary Society have a station, amounts to about forty-six thousand.

The missionaries preach in the bazaars and carry on a school. The pupils are often not children, but men, and of different nations,—some Persians, others Affghans,—who come with a desire to learn English, and to whom the missionaries have an opportunity of communicating the knowledge of the Christian Scriptures.

Impure Water and Fever.

The fatally poisonous character of water contaminated by the liquids which filter through the soil from drains and cesspools is not sufficiently recognized by the general public. It is not long since that the inhabitants of a small rural village near London were decimated by drinking the spring water from wells sunk in gravelly soil near their houses.

It is astonishing the distance to which sewage will penetrate—and there is no doubt amongst well-informed medical men who have turned their attention to sanitary matters, that a vast number of cases of low typhoid fevers and autumnal complaints may be traced to the employment of water rendered impure by this cause. The latest case that has come before the public is that of the inmates of the Bramham College, near Tadcaster, who are suffering seriously from the ravages of fever. Numbers of the pupils are prostrated—and two youths who were being educated there, have died from typhus. The establishment is healthily situated, and the fatal sickness which has affected the occupants is due to the percolation of deleterious matter through the earth into the well from whence water was drawn for drinking purposes in the college. There are about 100 pupils belonging to the college, of whom no fewer than 40 have suffered from fever, and four have died. It should be borne in mind, that water of this poisonous character cannot be distinguished by either smell or taste; it is often brisk, clear, and sparkling, though generally it becomes putrid and unpleasant if corked up in a bottle for a few days.

The great maxim for safety is never to drink water drawn from a pump in the vicinity of a cesspool or drain.

Building Character.

There is a structure which everybody is building, young, and old, each one for himself. It is called *character*, and in it every act of life is a stone. If day by day we be careful to build our lives with pure, noble, upright deeds, at the end will stand a fair temple, honored by God and man. But, as one leak will sink a ship, and one flaw break a chain, so one mean, dishonorable, untruthful act or word will for ever leave its impress and work its influence on our characters. Then, let the several deeds unite to form a day, and one by one the days grow into noble years, and the years, as they slowly pass, will raise at last a beautiful edifice, enduring for ever to our praise.—*Agriculturist.*

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—I was bitten by a rabid dog when a child, and am entirely convinced that the following treatment was instrumental in preventing an attack of hydrophobia:—

1st. Immediately wash the wound thoroughly with cold water, and apply a bruised onion with salt.

2nd. Take one ounce of elecampane root, pulverised, add to one pint of sweet milk; boil down one-half.

Dose for an adult—one tablespoonful every three hours. The remedy should be continued for two weeks. J. M. B.

THE GRAIN TRADE.—The cost of conveying a bushel of grain from a point in Illinois or Iowa, 200 miles west of Chicago, to New York, is 52½ cents—of which 20 cents is paid for the freight by rail to Chicago. The charges in that city amount to 4½ cents, so that the cost of starting a bushel of Mississippi grain is 24½ cents. The distance from the original point of shipment to Chicago is about one-fifth the entire distance to the seaboard, and yet requires an expenditure of nearly half the freight. So it is said.

☞ MINISTER FOR SPAIN.—General Sickles has received his commission as Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain.

☞ St. Louis essays to rival Chicago, and yet the former place only had five divorces in the month of April!

☞ An English clergyman identified his Bible in court, from the marks of its having been used as a razor strop.

☞ Habitual drunkards in Illinois, by a recent Act of the Legislature, are hereafter to be subjected to a very stringent course of treatment. They are classified with indigent, idiotic, and insane persons, and are to be placed under the care of guardians or of the overseers of the poor. A similar provision exists in Pennsylvania—but the regulations are more strict in Illinois, since in the latter state when a person has once been declared a habitual drunkard, the guardianship over him must continue for an entire year.

☞ Sheep-raisers living near the seashore have discovered that fish make as good feed as hay, and that one fish is a full meal for a sheep.

Speed of Utterance in Different Languages.

The understanding of the spoken language in Italian, Spanish, and German, presents great facilities, owing to the correspondence between the pronunciation and the orthography. But the most difficult of all languages for a foreigner to understand is perhaps the English, on account of the complete absence of analogy in the alphabetical representation of its pronunciation, as well as of the rapidity with which it is spoken and its innumerable contractions.

This is humorously illustrated in the following anecdote:—In a late trial before the Queen's Bench, Mr. Hawkins, a barrister, had frequently to advert to that description of vehicle called brougham, which he pronounced in two syllables. Lord Campbell, the chief justice, suggested that the word was usually contracted to broom, and that he had better adopt the latter pronunciation, as he would thereby save one syllable and gain so much time. Henceforward Mr. Hawkins called it broom. Shortly after, the pleading turned upon omnibusses and Lord Campbell frequently used the word omnibus, to which he gave its due length. "I beg your lordship's pardon," retorted Mr. Hawkins, "but, if you will call it bus, you will save two syllables, and make it more intelligible to the jury." The learned judge assented to the proposed abbreviation.

Some people think that the French language is spoken faster than the English: this is a great error. Voltaire shrewdly observed, that an Englishman gains every day two hours on a Frenchman in conversation. The truth is, that English is spoken considerably quicker than French This results from a difference of kind in the pronunciation of these languages.

Pronunciation is composed of two elements, vocal sounds and articulations, represented in writing by vowels and consonants. Vocal sounds admit of duration: quantity is their essence. Vocal articulations, with few exceptions, cannot be prolonged: instantaneity is their essence. When a consonant is placed after a vowel, it generally shortens it. Thus the long syllables, *me, we, fie, no, due, though*, become short by adding consonants to them, *met, web, fib, fit, fig, not, dun, thought*. Now, in English, consonants predominate, and usually form the end of syllables; hence a rapidity of utterance is the unavoidable consequence.

In French, on the contrary, consonants act but a secondary part, and are often silent. The spoken words, in reality, end with vowel-sounds, although consonants terminate their written representatives. In the division of the words, consonants seldom terminate syllables; the French word *caricature*, for example, is divided into syllables thus, ca-ri-ca-tu-re; its pronunciation, conformably to this division, is necessarily longer than that of the English word, commonly pronounced, according to this other division, car-ic-a-ture. The same may be said of every other word in the two languages. The vowels, which contribute so much to lengthen the words, are pronounced full in French, as if every syllable were accented. From these facts there necessarily results a slow and steady enunciation.

As the opinion of a foreigner, however, in regard to the English pronunciation, can have little weight, we beg to quote a few competent authorities: "Such is the vehemence of our accent, that every syllable which follows the accented is not only short, but almost lost in the pronunciation."—(Lord Monboddo.) "We incline, in general, to a short pronunciation of our words, and have shortened the quantity of most of those which we borrowed from the Latin."—(Hugh Blair.) "Such is the propensity for dispatch, that, overlooking the majesty of words composed of many syllables aptly connected, the prevailing taste is to shorten words, so as to make them disagreeable to the ear."—(Lord Kames.) "It must be regretted that contraction subjects our tongue to some of the most hissing, snapping, clashing sounds that ever greeted the ear of a Vandal."—(John Walker.) "Our rational conversation is, for the most part, carried on in a series of most extraordinary and rugged abbreviations, a species of shorthand talking."—(Bulwer Lytton.)

THE sunset darkens in the west,
The sea-gulls haunt the bay,
And far and high the swallows fly
To watch the dying day.
Now where is she that once with me
The rippling waves would list?
And oh for the song I loved so long,
And the darling lips I kissed!

You twinkling sail may whiter gleam
Than falcon's snowy wing,
Her lances far the evening star
Beyond the waves may fling;
Float on, ah! float, enchanted boat,
Bear true hearts o'er the main,
But I shall guide thy helm no more,
Nor whisper love again!

☞ While Judge Archer, of Marshall, Indiana, was removing some boxes from a shelf, a mouse jumped out of one of them and into the mouth of the judge, and started directly down his throat. The judge had hard work to stop him, and was considerably scared.

☞ Land that sold in Virginia four years ago for six dollars an acre, will now bring thirty.

☞ A grindstone which was sent to England in a bale of cotton has come back to the old plantation in a cask of sugar.

☞ A question for debating societies—Which has done the most mischief in the world, apathy or blind earnestness? The last, undoubtedly.

☞ No king ever loved peace more than Henry VII., who prefaced all his treaties with the words—"When Christ came into the world peace was sung—and when He went out of the world peace was bequeathed."

☞ Lord Palmerston, one of the liveliest, man-of-the-world-iest, off-hand-iest of modern statesmen, whom most people would suppose never stopped to think, but acted upon the impulse of the moment, had a very noticeable habit of thinking before ever putting pen to paper. He wrote standing, and had his desk at one end of the room and his inkstand at the other. Every dip involved a walk, and a brief cogitation that prevented rash expression. Moreover it kept the body in healthy exercise, and the blood in constant circulation.

☞ The Pall Mall Gazette mentions a new play at one of the London theatres in which the utmost limits of realism seemed to have been reached. The enthusiasm of the audience culminates when a live donkey is brought in, and the house resounds with cries of "Author, author!"

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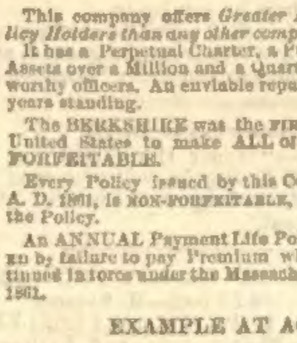

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Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall, at the corner of Sixth and Market streets.
Question. Which Clothing House has the BEST assortment?
Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market streets.
Question. Which is the CHEAPEST place to buy Clothing for Gents, Boys and Children?
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Answer. Because their system of doing business, buying in first hands, gives them great advantages, and their very large sales afford moderate profits.
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Answer. All Qualities and Styles are kept on hand in all the sizes.
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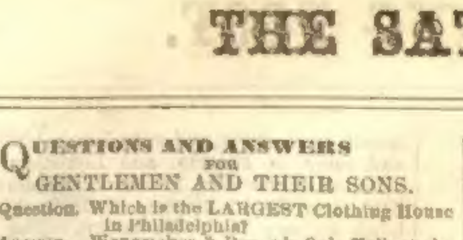

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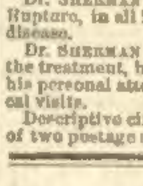

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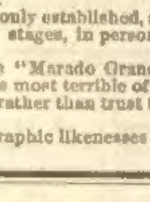

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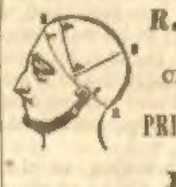

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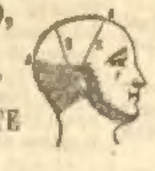

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"This firm is now the most substantial business house for advertising in the country."—*American Mining Index, (N. Y.) April 2, 1868.*

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We are prepared to receive advertisements for all American Newspapers, at prices as low as can be obtained at the offices of publication.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,

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40 Park Row, New York.

IVINS' PATENT HAIR-CRIMPERS. Every lady should have them. For sale at variety stores. Made only by E. IVINS, 1302 Marshall St., Philadelphia.

SILAT—More Valuable than Gold.—For particulars send two 3 cent stamps to AUGUSTE DUPIN, Box 1027, Cincinnati, O.

MYSTERY.—Spirit Photographs sent for 25 cents. Address *Spirit Picture Co.*, 34 Liberty St., N. Y.

To THE WORKING CLASS.—I am now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at their homes, the whole of the time, or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Fifty cents to $5 per evening, is easily earned by persons of either sex, and the boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. Great inducements are offered those who will devote their whole time to the business; and, that every person who sees this notice, may send me their address and test the business for themselves, I make the following unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied with the business, I will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing me. Full particulars, directions, &c., sent free. Sample sent by mail for 10 cts. Address E. C. ALLEN, Augusta, Me.

$3000 SALARY. Address U. S. PIANO Co., N. Y.

WANTED—AGENTS—To sell the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE. Price $25. The simplest, cheapest and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Liberal inducements to agents. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

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TEN PER CENT.
MICHIGAN BONDS
For sale by A. WILKINS, Detroit, Mich.

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., PITTSBURG, Pa., BOSTON, Mass., or ST. LOUIS, Mo.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

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A List of Seven Hundred and Fifty choice Advertising mediums, subdivided into more than 50 or all Lists, with Price Cards showing the cost of any advertisement from one line to one column.

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Advertising Agents, 40 Park Row, New York.

WIT AND HUMOR.

DECEIT OF SONG-WRITERS.

The man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," never had a home.—*Exchange.*

No, of course not. All his folks at home say that he didn't. Nobody who writes about anything ever has it. If a man is out of anything, he immediately goes and writes about it. No one writes so many "headings" as the man who is out of his head.

Certainly he didn't ever have any home. The man who wrote "Old Arm Chair," never had an arm chair in all his life. The best he had was an old split-bottom chair, without any back to it.

The author of "Take Me Back to Switzerland," never was in Switzerland. The nearest he ever came to it was sitting in the William Tell saloon eating Switzer case—KASE why, that was the best he could do.

"Mother, I've Come Home to Die," hasn't spoken to the old woman for years, and wouldn't go near the house. Besides, he is one of that class of Spiritualists who don't believe they ever will die. His health was never better. His mother is nothing but a mother-in-law, and she is dead anyhow.

There is the author of "Old Oaken Bucket," too; there wasn't a bucket on the whole farm, water being drawn with a tin pail and a cistern pole.

"If I had but a Thousand a Year," stated privately to his friends that he would be perfectly contented with just half that sum, as he was doing chores just for his board and three months' schooling in the winter.

The author of "Champagne Charley," never drank anything but ten-cent whiskey.

"Shells of the Ocean," is a humbug. The plaintive poet who represents himself as wandering, one summer's eve, with sea-beat thought, on a pensive shore, was raised in the interior of Pennsylvania, and never was ten miles away from home in all his life. "Gathered shells," did he? All the shells he ever gathered were some egg shells back of his mother's kitchen.

"Hark, I Hear the Angels Singing," spent all his evenings in a concert beer saloon. Angels, indeed!

The man who wrote the "Song of the Shirt," hadn't a shirt to his back—wearing a wamus for the most part.

"Oft in the Stilly Night," used to get on a spree and make the stilly night howl till daybreak.

The author of "We Met by Chance," knew very well it was all arranged beforehand. He had been weeks in contriving it—and she admired its contrivance.

The author of "I Know a Bank," &c., didn't know one where he could get his note discounted. The only check he ever held was a white "check" on a faro-bank. He never had a red check in all his life.

"What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" knew very well they were reproaching him for running away from Long Branch without paying his hotel bill.

"Who will Care for Mother Now?" Who indeed! You took the old woman to the poor-house just before writing the song, and there is nobody but the poor-master to care for her now.

"Hear Me, Norma," was deaf and dumb. He couldn't make his pa hear, *nor ma.*

"The author of "Rain on the Roof," always slept in the basement, except when he slept out of doors.

"Let me Kiss Him for his Mother," got mad because the mother wouldn't have him, and whipped her little boy within an inch of his life.

"I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," used to cheat at marbles when a boy, and his dream was a horrid nightmare, brought on by remorse at the recollection of fraudulent *marble hauls.*

"I'm Saddest when I Sing," was tickled almost to death if invited to.

"Happy be Thy Dreams," sold benzine whiskey. You can fancy what kind of "dreams" were produced.

"No one To Love," having just killed off his fifth wife, naturally felt like the deuce about it.

An Indian Name.

A lady taught for a while in the mission school of the Delaware Indians in Kansas.

"What is your name?" she inquired the first morning of a little black-eyed, dusky-skinned urchin.

"Superfine Best Quality Ketchum," he shouted, thinking her a little deaf.

"You must be mistaken; that can't be your name."

"It is, ma'am—true." And he looked as proud of it as a warrior might of his feathers and paint. After school she pointed out the little fellow, and asked the missionary his name.

"Superfine Best Quality Ketchum," was the grave reply, but you may be sure it was several days before her lips became so accustomed to it that she could speak it without a very perceptible smile. And the funny part was, that he would never answer to anything less than the whole.

She afterwards found out how it came to be hung upon him. He was a wonderful baby—so his parents thought—and their whole Indian vocabulary, added to what they had learned of the English one by three years in school, could not furnish a name that would at all compare with him. In this perplexity the father one day brought home a sack of flour on which was printed the word "Superfine." They spelled it out, and were so delighted with its sound that they immediately bestowed it upon the boy. He grew to be a boy, and one day a thirsty traveller was riding by and asked for a drink of water. As he handed the cup back after drinking, he said—

"You are a fine little fellow. What is your name?"

"Superfine Ketchum," was the answer.

"That's a grand name," he said, laughing. "Do you know what it means?"

"No, sir."

"Superfine means best quality, and that's the kind of boy you must be."

Superfine ran into the house and told his parents, and in two minutes more Best Quality was added to his name.

☞ Judge ——, who is between seventy and eighty, speaks pleasantly of the passing away of the "old school gentlemen." Says he: "I was born at the wrong time. When I was a young man, young men were of no account—now I am old I find old men are of no account."

PROPER REPROOF.

FUSSY PARTY.—"Why don't you touch your hat to me, boy?"
COUNTRY BOY.—"So I will, if you'll hold the ca-alf!"

Curiosities of Humanity.

Some author or other wrote himself blind, as we have heard, on the "curiosities of Literature;" but he certainly would have used up two or three pairs of eyes, if he had set himself seriously at work looking out for the curiosities of humanity. We could have mentioned a few to him—and here they are:—

The husband that says to his wife on a Monday night, when cook is in revolt, dinner is behindhand, and "stocks down," "My dear, you look tired—let me walk up and down with the baby, while you rest!"

The wife who expends as much pains upon her toilette on a rainy morning, when there is no one but "John" at the breakfast-table, as she does on the evening when her old sweetheart is coming to call!

The husband who reads all the Congressional debates to his wife, without meanly skipping every other paragraph and always keeps her posted in floating news.

The wife who provides herself with spools of cotton, thimbles and sewing-work, before the reading begins, and don't have to jump up once in five minutes to "fetch something from the other room!"

The man who is consistent, and goes out to chop kindlings for exercise after having recommended bed-making to his wife as a healthful method of expanding the chest!

The woman who tells her husband just exactly how much money she spent in that shopping expedition yesterday!

The man who is always delighted with the domestic puddings and pies; and don't expect a daily bill of fare like unto a French restaurant.

The woman who don't look into all the envelopes in her husband's vest pocket when she mends that garment!

The man who never saw a collar pattern that fits *so* much better than his ever did!

The woman who cannot tell the color of her neighbor's new winter bonnet!

The husband who, especially during north-east storms, and during the prevalence of domestic toothaches, makes up his mind that it is a great deal cheaper to be amiable than to scold!

A Persecuted Printer.

J. B. Brown tells this story in Packard's Monthly:

Years ago I wrote a very careful notice of Edwin Booth's Hamlet—some time before he had made his impersonation famous—and was vexed to read in the morning paper of his "intellectual rendering of the melancholy Dave." But the change of a single letter had made the phrase (melancholy Dane) so ridiculous that I could not help but laugh. If I had wanted revenge, I should have had it in excess, for the printers caught up the unfortunate expression and fairly drove the poor fellow out of the office with it. He had several fights—in some he was victorious, in others he was vanquished; but nothing could prevent his being dubbed the "Melancholy Dave," and "Dave Hamlet." "How are you, Dave?" "Tell us about old Dave Hamlet," greeted him whenever he made his appearance. I perpetrated a joke to shield him, acknowledging that it was enough to make any man melancholy not to have a V to his name. But it was of no benefit to the persecuted. He was doomed. He went from one office to another; in each the "Melancholy Dave" was hurled at him. He left the city and sought refuge from the hateful *sobriquet* hundreds of miles away. It travelled with him like the spectre with the disloyal knight. He abandoned his calling. When the war broke out he enlisted on the Southern side and fell in a desperate cavalry charge. That nickname drove him to death. The last memory that haunted him must have been that of the "Melancholy Dave."

☞ The eccentric Elder S———n, well known to many as an active and earnest Baptist preacher, once said from the pulpit: "They say there's no family government now-a-days. But there is—I tell you *there is*—just as much as there ever was; but" (leaning over the pulpit, and lowering his voice into a quiet and confidential tone) "the difference is, when I grew up, the old folks governed the young ones, but now the young ones govern the old ones!"

☞ A gentleman received an unpaid letter commencing, "Sir, your letter of yesterday bears upon its face the stamp of falsehood." His answer was brief and to the purpose—"Sir, I only wish your letter bore upon its face a stamp of any kind."

☞ Mrs. Dontseeit thinks the table at the State House must be very large, considering the many things the Legislature is constantly laying upon it. The old lady is evidently about right.

Sensible.

A handsome young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints with which she was affected.

"In the first place," said she, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, you should take air and exercise."

"And, doctor, I am quite fidgetty at night time, and afraid to be alone. What shall I take for that?"

"For that I can only recommend that you take a husband."

"Fie! doctor. But I have the blues terribly. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, you have, besides taking the air and a husband, to take a good newspaper—say the Saturday Evening Post.

Cunning of the Fox.

A certain jagare, who was one morning keeping watch in the forest, saw a fox cautiously making his approach towards the stump of an old tree. When sufficiently near, he took a high and determined jump on to the top of it, and, after looking round a while, hopped to the ground again. After Reynard had repeated this nightly exercise several times, he went his way, but presently returned to the spot, bearing a pretty large and heavy piece of dry oak in his mouth, and thus burdened, and as it would seem for the purpose of testing his vaulting powers, he renewed his leaps on to the stump. After a time, however, and when he found that, weighted as he was, he could make the ascent with facility, he desisted from further efforts, dropped the piece of wood from his mouth, and coiling himself upon the top of the stump, remained motionless as if dead.

At the approach of evening, an old sow and her progeny, five or six in number, issued from a neighboring thicket, and pursuing their usual track, passed near to the stump in question. Two of her sucklings followed somewhat behind the rest, and, just as they neared his ambush, Michel, with the rapidity of thought, darted down from his perch upon one of them, and in the twinkling of an eye, bore it in triumph on to the fastness he had prepared beforehand. Confounded at the shrieks of her offspring, the old sow returned in fury to the spot, and until late in the night made repeated desperate attempts to storm the murderer's stronghold; but the fox took the matter coolly, and devoured the pig under the very nose of its mother.—*Naturalist in Norway.*

☞ HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—Are you living with each other, husbands and wives, in the truest spirit of love, and in the largest sense of wedding? Are you one, or are you forever and forevermore two? Are you living to help each other or to annoy each other? Are you living in the true excusatory spirit which always accompanies real conjugal love? And do you find yourselves moved to patience, to gentleness, and to forbearance?

☞ A friend of ours thus describes the patience of a husband with whom he is acquainted:

He never said a word,
But, with a look of deepest melancholy,
He sat like Patience on an ottoman,
Waiting for his wife to put her bonnet on.

☞ A countryman who had never paid more than twenty-five cents to see an exhibition, went to a city theatre one night to see the "Forty Thieves." The ticket-seller charged him seventy-five cents for a ticket. Passing the pasteboard back, he quietly remarked: "Keep it, mister; I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he marched.

☞ A suit is set down for early trial in a Tennessee court to test the right of a magistrate solemnizing a marriage to kiss the bride.

AGRICULTURAL.

Grazing in the South.

BY HON. T. C. PETERS.

It is evident that the South and Southwest, with a more genial climate, and increased facilities for cheap and rapid transit, must soon become the great stock-breeding centre of the Union. In no section can animals be kept so cheaply, and as the people begin to diversify their agriculture, and comprehend the great importance of more domestic animals, they will find no competitors in that branch of husbandry. Even before the war, and with no particular thought of their importance, the numbers of cattle, sheep, and swine bred in the cotton states bore no insignificant proportion to the whole number bred in the Union. Beginning with a three or four months' winter in Virginia and Maryland, finding a month in Georgia, and even less in Alabama, and none in Florida, and Louisiana, and lower or tide-water, Texas, the farmers had little trouble to increase their flocks and herds to any desirable extent. The only limit was in their unskilled and unreliable labor. The habits of the slave, and even the master, were averse to that patient, persistent care which is ever necessary to successful stock-husbandry. Some idea may be formed of the wonderful resources which are possessed there when it is known that thousands of head of cattle and hogs are wintered, and even fattened, in the cane-brakes which line the rivers and fill the swamps of the whole tide-water region of the South, clear to the Rio Grande. Sheep, with little care, can be kept nearly or quite as easily.

But for the purpose of stall-feeding, no section of the country can begin to compare with the South. To a Northern man, its resources in the production of vegetable matter are perfectly amazing. Then, too, the manure made in the barn-yard has double the value there that it has here. The successful cultivation of cotton depends upon filling the light, quick soil of the South with carbonaceous matter, of which none is so valuable as barn-yard manure. There they require no expensive building, as we do at the North, to practise this species of farming. They require shelter for their animals, it is true, but only such as will keep them out of the rain-storms, which are so troublesome during the winter. Roots can be grown to an unlimited extent and carted at all seasons from the field to the stall, or fed off with great advantage by sheep, upon the hurdle plan adopted in England, and the ground prepared for corn or for cotton. Cheap cotton can only be grown by confining the cultivation to smaller surface and adopting a system of high manuring with stable-dung and the phosphates.

But it may be objected that the grasses cannot be found in the South to make it possible to graze the domestic animals. This it one of the most erroneous of the many erroneous opinions which Northern men have formed of the South. Nowhere can herbage fit for pasturage be produced in greater abundance. Their inevitable "cotton and nigger" system was opposed to encouraging grass. But let one examine a plantation which had been neglected during the planting season, and he would soon discover that there was nowhere such a growth of succulent vegetable animal food, and upon which animals could thrive so rapidly, as in the half-cultivated cotton or corn-field. This very habit was condemned, both by master and man, for it necessitated so much labor to keep the fields clean.

The spread of some of their most valuable grasses, like the Bermuda grass, was fought with the utmost obstinacy. They preferred to see their field washed and gullied into shapeless ravines, to permitting nature to clothe them with valuable and protecting swards. If there were millions of acres, where only sedge and old field-pine now grow, covered with the indigenous grasses of the South, there would be good pasturage for thousands of sheep and cattle where there are none now. I think the propagation of the Bermuda grass will be found a priceless boon to the whole South, and that much of its future prosperity will turn on the abundance of that grass as a pasturage, especially for sheep. I know this would be called a heterodox opinion by many of the old-time farmers, but still they may change their mind with the changed condition of their agriculture.—*Hearth and Home.*

To Make Cows Give Milk.

A writer who says his cow gives all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight persons, and from which was made two hundred and sixty pounds of butter last year, gives the following as his treatment. He says:—"If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cow, three times a day, water slightly warm, slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not tried this daily practice, that your cow will give twenty-five per cent. more immediately under the effect of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water, unless very thirsty; but this mess she will drink almost any time, and "ask for more." The amount of this drink necessary is an ordinary water pail full each time, morning, noon and night. Four hundred pounds of butter are often obtained from good stock, and instances are mentioned where the yield is often at a higher figure."

RECEIPTS.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Allow one pound of white sugar to each pound of oranges (whole); tear off the yellow rind from half the oranges, thin as possible, and put in a pan with plenty of cold water; cover closely; lay a double cloth under the cover, to keep in the steam; boil slowly till it can be easily pierced with a pin-head; grate the rinds of the remaining oranges; quarter them, taking out the pulp and juice, leaving seeds and core; put the sugar in kettle, with nearly half pint water to each pound; clear it with white of egg; put in oranges; skim well; cut the parings, after they are well boiled, into small shreds, and boil in the syrup ten minutes; put in juice, pulp and grated rind, and boil all together twenty minutes; when cold, put into jars with brandy paper over the top; change the water *once* while boiling the pared rinds, lest they be bitter.

LEMON PUDDING.—One teacupful of boiling water; one tablespoonful of corn starch, mixed with a little water; one teacupful of sifted sugar; one tablespoonful of butter; one egg; juice and rind of one lemon. Pour this mixture into the boiling water; then pour it on to the butter and sugar; beat the egg, and, when cool, put it in; have the paste ready in the plates, and pour it in and bake.—S. F.

JELLIED PUDDING.—One-third of a box of gelatine dissolved in one pint of hot water; add the juice of one lemon; sweeten to taste; beat up the whites of three eggs; add a little powdered sugar; mix them lightly, but well; pour into a deep dish, to stiffen in a cool place.—M. N.

Strips of citron may be mixed through while stiffening.

SPONGE CAKE—VERY FINE.—Seven eggs, ½ lb. sugar, ½ lb. flour, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 3 wine glasses of water added to the sugar. Boil till clear; beat the whites and yolks separately; when light, mix them together, and pour the boiling sugar over them; when entirely cool stir in the sifted flour slowly, and stir lightly as possible; next, the grated lemon and juice.—S. F.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 9, 7, 10, 1, 20, is a name familiar to Kentucky history.
My 24, 22, 15, is a title.
My 25, 19, 6, is an adjective.
My 19, 17, 12, 23, 16, is one of the vital parts.
My 13, 17, 16, 17, 15, is a boy's name.
My 24, 2, 23, 12, 19, is a girl's name.
My 21, 22, 8, 14, 5, 6, is the end.
My 3, 7, 24, 16, is often used by farmers.
My 4, 11, 6, is a number.
My 5, 10, 15, 6, is learning.

My whole is the name of one with whose career every reader of history is acquainted.

Pompeii, Mich. IDA L. PALMER.

A Puzzle.

Here is a question for young arithmeticians, and others, who like to crack an arithmetical nut now and then, to try their wits upon:—

Two Arabs sat down to dinner, and were accosted by a stranger, who requested to join their party, saying "that as he could not get provisions to buy in that part of the country, if they would admit him to eat only an equal share with themselves, he would willingly pay them for the whole." The frugal meal consisted of eight small loaves of bread, five of which belonged to one of the Arabs, and three to the other. The stranger having eaten a third part, and each of the two Arabs a third part of the eight loaves, arose and laid before them eight pieces of money, saying: "My friends, there is what I promised you; divide it between you according to your just rights." A dispute, of course, arose respecting a division of the money; but reference being made to the cadi, he adjudged seven pieces of the money to the owner of the five loaves, and only one piece to him who had owned the three loaves. Yet the cadi decided justly.

Problem.

Had I bought my goods ten per cent. cheaper, I would at my selling price gain 17 per cent. more than I do. At what per cent. of profit am I selling? J. SCOTT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

The perimeter of a rectangular parallelogram is 620 rods, and one of its diagonals is a meridiam; south 105,4 rods from the centre, or intersection of the diagonals, is a point due west from the south-east corner. Required—the length and breadth, also the area of the parallelogram.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Geometrical Problem.

The area of a certain circle is just 5 acres. Required—the radii of three equal circles described within and tangent to the given circle and also tangent to each other.

WILLIAM HOOVER.

Wooster, Wayne Co., O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the letter "u" of more value than cream to a dairy maid? Ans.—Because it makes "better" "butter."

☞ Why is a weathercock like a loafer? Ans.—Because he is constantly going round, doing nothing.

☞ Why should the sea make a better housekeeper than the earth? Ans.—Because the earth is exceedingly dirty, and the sea is very *tidy.*

☞ Why can a sea captain always have fresh eggs at sea? Ans.—Because whenever he wishes them he can lay to.

☞ What is that which comes into existence about five feet from the ground, and is a sign of treachery and amity? Ans.—A kiss.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." RIDDLE—Content.

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM of March 6th—166.27 feet—M. Stevens.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—The numbers are 6, 8, 10 and 12—E. P. Norton and J. Scott.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of March 13th—The first cost $50 and the other $20—A. Martin, W. J. Barrett and E. P. Norton.

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM of same date—The greatest height to which the body will ascend is 1224,21875 ft. The velocity when it returns to the point of departure is 396.32 feet—Morgan Stevens.

Answers to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—Base, 26,698 rods—E. P. Norton, D. M. Base, 26,07+ rods—W. Hoover.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of March 20th—9 persons—W. H. Morrow, F. A. Rogers, W. Hoover, S. S. Knox, J. Scott, W. Barrett, E. P. Norton.

Answer to J. Scott's PROBLEM of same date—225058081; 159140519; 159140520—J. Scott.

YEAST (UNRIVALLED).—On one morning boil two ounces of the best hops in four quarts of water, half an hour; strain it, and let the liquor cool to the consistency of new milk; then put in a small handful of salt and half pound brown sugar; beat up one pound of good flour with some of the liquor; then mix all well together, and let it stand till the third day after; then add three pounds of potatoes, boiled, and mashed through a colander; let it stand till next day, when strain and bottle, and it is fit for use. It must be stirred frequently while it is making, and kept near a fire. Before using it, shake the bottle up well. It will keep in a cool place two months, and is the best the latter part of the time. It makes excellent bread. Use the same quantity as of other yeast.

The beauty of this yeast is that it ferments spontaneously, not requiring the aid of other yeast; and if care be taken to let it ferment well in the earthen bowl in which it is made, you may cork it up tight when bottled. This quantity fills four large Seltzer bottles.

☞ The word "its" is nowhere to be found in the English version of the Bible. "Its," possessive of "it," was not in our language about the beginning of the seventeenth century. The Anglo-Saxon word is "his," and this is the word for "its" used by the translators.